The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1860. NUMBER 612.

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MR. BEECHER AND THE DOCTORATE.

PEEKSKILL, AUG. 21, 1860.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF AMHERST COLLEGE:

GENTLEMEN: I have been duly notified that at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, the title of *Doctor of Divinity* was conferred upon me.

It would certainly give me pleasure should *any* respectable institution bear such a testimony of good-will. But that AMHERST COLLEGE, my own mother, should so kindly remember a son, is a peculiar gratification.

But all the use of such a title ends with the public expression of a wish to confer it. For the rest, it would be but an incumbrance, and furnish an address by no means agreeable to my taste. I greatly prefer the simplicity of that name which my mother uttered over me in the holy hour of infant consecration and baptism. May I be permitted, without seeming to undervalue your kindness, or disesteeming the honor meant, to return it to your hands; that I may to the end of my life be, as thus far I have been, simply

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SUNDAY IN ROME.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

SUNDAY in Rome is a day full of the most peculiar feelings, which roll and brood in one's soul as the clouds roll and brood when filling with rain.

There are said to be three hundred and sixty-five churches in Rome—one for every day of the year—and the air is full of vibrations and bell-towers. From the great overshadowing tabernacle of St. Peter's, down through the church of many a saint and angel, in every elevation, in every street and lane of the city, is felt the tide of aspiration, and ascending the voice of chant and hymn, at shrines of saints and martyrs, saturated with the incense of hundreds of years. A small English chapel, and a small American assembly meeting in a room of a palace, are the only exceptions to the universal saint-worship. Both, of course, have the Church of England service—and by the side of its gaudy and bedizened relative, how clear and pure and cleanly cut come forth its prayers and chants and hymns, softened but not overgrown with the green moss of centuries of association, bearing us back to Ambrose and Chrysostom, to Paul and David. I much prefer, however, our eliminated American form to the more English one. To repeat the Lord's prayer two times successively in one morning's worship, seems rather too much of the vain repetition to present which it was given—too much like those monotonous chants in which, in the same sounds a thousand and a thousand *times* repeated, the churches in Rome seem to invoke absent divinities.

As the afternoon shadows began to lengthen today, we felt a yearning to leave the old city and go to some green, flowery, mossy place, where the freshness of nature should bring us near to God.

"Incense is an abomination unto me," is a text which often occurs to us apropos of these churches with their stifling air—and the smell of the ground is something so full of hope and life, that one longs for it as a child for its mother. So away we go to the Pamfili Doria—the loveliest, sunniest, dreamiest of these green little retreats which the taste and wealth of former generations have left as pleasure-grounds to the present habitants of Rome.

Old, mossy, dreamy, soft, and sad are these grounds, which rise just a little out of Rome, just near enough to give you the old city—its brooding dome of St. Peter's—its horizontal sweep of Vatican palaces—its yellow lichened roofs—its towers and obelisks, rising like stone forests, seen now against a soft shifting background of snow-silvered mountains, whose too late frosts send us the chills that fill the seemingly sunny air, while flowers are blowing by thousands under our feet. There now they lie, gloriously by the afternoon softness and the rising of those thousand pearly, lilac, rosy, and golden tints which come out as the sun sinks westward. There is in the air a soft and dreamy clamor of bells—a conversation in the air—old St. Peter's with great round boom replying into complaining echoes, and a thousand plaintive silver tongues of lesser bells replying, with shivers and vibrations and soft indistinctness and vague clashing against each other—and now again that sullen, solid, gigantic pulse of the old maestro comes in, as if some power disdaining to complain, yet offended and saddened. One stands by an old shattered altar in the midst of a great lawn, filled with one's nerves all swaying and pervaded by the vast rockings and undulations of bell tones, looks up from under an avenue of gnarled ilex at Rome. There! Rome the mystery—Rome the strange enchantress, gorgeous, sullen, gloomy, yet sublime. Is it even now that the shadow of an awful prophecy rests on her, that all the miseries, cruelties, and sins which have been accomplished here for two thousand years are rolling up like storm-clouds to some mighty fate, awful and sublime, worthy her whole history? There is a dread old book that has been in it of some seven-hilled city, that come darkly over our mind:

> For she saith in her heart, I sit a queen and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come upon her in one day,—death, and mourning and sorrow,—and she shall be utterly burned with fire—for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. And a mighty angel took up a stone like a mill-stone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall the great city of Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of harpers and musicians and of pipers and trumpeters will be heard no more at all in thee, and no craftsman of whatsoever craft he be shall be found any more in thee, and the sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee, and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee, and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee—for thy merchants were the great men of the earth, and by thy sorceries were all the nations deceived."

Woe to those who are born to uphold old institutions in an age of prophetic crisis!—they struggle vainly and feebly with an overmastering will, as one man trying to breast the slide of an avalanche when its time to slide has come.

The present our Roman Alps are serene, and though the avalanche be heavy, and hanging only by a breath, men are walking up and down, and speculating as it may fall. Pio Nono thinks, as Eli did, that the ark of God is in danger, because there is threatening land-slide which may carry off the rubbish of ages, and probably never was that old gorgeous dome full of more fervent prayers than now—prayers that God would preserve what they call the ark, and what to us of the other half of the world looks like anything but a Church. The Pope and cardinals praying one side—and the people holding their chained hands and praying the other. From the caves and dens of darkness—from pressed, disheartened, weary, and starving hearts, go up prayers to this Church, and accusations that cease not night and day.

Meanwhile Dr. Manning is preaching vigorously

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—giving the falling fortunes of the old regime the benefit of the vigor and intelligence which he got by a Protestant education, which otherwise he would not have had to give. Had not the Protestant Church educated a few sons for Rome, she would have missed some of her strongest defenders in these days.

But all this time we forget, what is surely better to remember, the flowers at our feet.

"Flowers of all hue" Milton sung, and we think his lovely descriptions of the flowery meadows of Eden must have come to him while wandering in these lovely villas. Anemones are rising round us in this lawn, looking like dwarf tulips—purple and lilac—fading to pale rose-color, deepening to crimson and maroon—light straw-color—pure white—and white dashed with crimson—a perfect flower-carnival; and everybody seems sauntering out to pick them. Forgotten is Rome—forgotten popes, cardinals, red carriages, violet stockings—forgot emperors and kings—forgot bitter religious discussions and religious differences—everybody is looking for anemones and violets. Yonder down yon green bank, you see the bright red uniform of two French soldiers—they have found a treasure, a knot of rare white violets,—large, cool, and fragrant,—and they are gathering in haste. Here an Italian noble, with a choice anemone in his button-hole, is stretching and reaching after others, and his wife and children are busy in the same pursuit. People meet each other, and tell where the finest orchidæ grow, and where the violets are the sweetest and have the longest stems, and where they have found the most brilliant anemones.

Cross with us this lawn, and as you walk you stoop every moment, beguiled by some rarer flower. Now look down this long green slope. The grass is striped with the pillared shadow of the high stone pines, which wear their flat round crowns of velvet green so high up in the blue air that they seem to cast no shadow below—like elevated natures that live so near up to God's light that they never overshadow other people's happiness. Quaint and old are these stone pines, and with a sort of peculiar grandeur making a flat roof of green up so high in the air, where birds hold their courts, and where they drop down songs as from some unknown green sky-cities above the reach of the marksman—above the bustles and sorrows of the world. They throw you down a specimen song—a drop of silver, a fragment of gay-heartedness, to tell you how quiet and comfortable it is to live in a stone pine seventy feet up in the air, and not trouble one's head about popes, emperors, or kings. Then you wander off down some sequestered alley, where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up those beautifully-arranged, closely-clinging young shoots, every one of which you stop to admire as a *chef-d'œuvre* of arrangement. Behind every dark last year's leaf is pushing the new shoot of the present, with tiny baby leaves cut of tenderest golden green. But besides embracing trees, it wanders everywhere over the ground, interlacing with myrtle and violets and green arnica leaves. Now comes a fountain falling from the mouth of some strange old sculptured monster, whose shaggy brows are grown green with moss and maidenhair. The water glides over mossy rocks, and tinkles into a sculptured basin, spotted here and there with vivid mosses, and fringed with ferns.

There are in these grounds fountains of all shapes and sizes, from the most mythological and ornate combinations of tritons and river-gods down to these little sequestered ones that you stumble on by yourself, where the sculpture is so moss-grown that you half wonder whether it isn't nature herself trying her hand in some new way, rather than a work of art. This queer mystical fern-grown monster that gurgles and babbles, and seems to be casting down into his basin below a sort of crystalline soliloquy—perhaps he does belong to that old river-god tribe that express their ideas not as we do by words, but by ejaculations of fern leaves and moist succulent upspringings of flags and grasses, and tender passions of violets and purple. He dreams maidenhair, and his respirations go on through the green tubes of mosses; and now I fancy I see him winking one of his fringed stone eyelids at me, as if to tell me that I am all right about him, and so make me welcome to shake hands with him through a bunch of ferns, and what not, that we gather to remember him by.

I understand Hawthorne's last book, which all the world here is longing for, and cannot see, has in it, as quoted in *The Atheneum*, a glorification of the Villa Borghese—but to us there is no place uniting all the idyllic charms of scenery and association like this Villa Pamfili. Whoso is heart-sore or weary, let him come here and wander alone up its breezy slopes, down its grassy side bills; let him pace the avenue of ilex that looks out at St. Peter's, or feed the great cool silvery swans that sail in the basins where the fountains fall, and he will find himself forgetting all troubles of this mortal life in a mingled dream of nature and art, where man's works seem to have been so taken up and fraternized of God's, that they make a most sweet harmony together, and seem to say that all the confusions of this world hitherto have been but the discords by which the great Musician prepares for a final and triumphant burst of harmony.

For who that spends a tranquil Sabbath afternoon here, and sees the soldier laying off his heavy helmet and giving himself innocently to look for violets—the citizen joining with his children to feed the swans—the varied parties, English, French, and American, who yet scarcely seem to break the dreamy solitude of these grounds, and who meet each other with kindly salutation, as if the loveliness of nature made them one;—who sees all this, and does not long for the day yet to be revealed on earth when the long agony of ages shall be over—when that new state of society shall be organized which John saw descending from God out of heaven—when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and God himself shall dwell with them and be their God? That prayer which we breathe so ignorantly, "Thy kingdom come"—by which the Pope understands one thing and Italy another, and which both unite in offering—when will God fulfill it and show what it is like?

We drove from the Pamfili at eventide, our hands full of sprays of ivy, each lovelier than the other, green arrow-heads of arnica, and anemones of as many dyes as were the clouds behind the silvery Appenines at that moment. Home by the Janiculum, San Pietro in Mount Orvio, where to the tune of the great fountain that ever dashes there, we stood meditating the wide panorama of Rome below. A fragment of a rainbow shimmered over the Alban hills, and all below was golden,—towers, temple, and even gloomy cypress,—and the distant Campagna sweeping off in many-colored bands of tints, like an Illinois prairie. Then home, by the great courts of St. Peter's, through the colonnade of which we saw the spray of the fountains like rosy columns in the sunset—by Castle St. Angelo, whose old grim walls smiled yellow in the light—while, as we rode under, we saw its parapets fringed with helmeted heads of French soldiers, idly reposing and gazing in the face of the beautiful sky.

On our return, the report met us from some of our party who had been to vespers in Trinita di Monte, that they had overheard on the steps of the church as they came out, that the expected revolution had already broken out in Naples, and the King was driven away. We discussed and wondered over our tea whether this Sybilline leaf was a true one or not; but since then have concluded that it was only one of those rumors which show where a people's heart is, and whither hopes are tending. A thousand such are constantly in people's mouths, and meet one in every soiree.

It is astonishing to note the change which the pervading presence of the present movement in Italy makes in Rome. One might as well mark off a square of land in a forest in a storm, and say, here the whirlwind shall not blow, and here there shall fall no rain, as try to keep Rome still while the Romagna is alive with the triumphant power of a popular vote. One can feel it in the streets, in the eyes of the people, in their gait—one can read it in the *affiches* upon the walls. It is true that the "Roman Question" is not to be found at the book-stores, but "Considerations upon the Roman Question," advertised in large letters, is just as stirring to the minds of a populace who feel themselves called upon to think and to decide. The "Tears of St. Peter's" is another production which we have frequently seen placarded upon walls, and which suggests to the populace that there is trouble in the camp above. Other controversial pamphlets, whose titles escape us, show that the battle rages. Reading *answers* to arguments is often a more convincing propagandism than the arguments themselves.

Three years ago, when we were here, Rome seemed to us a wide, old, sluggish lagoon, reflecting in its somber, placid mirrors only the pyramids and tombs and sphinxes of a past age—answering only to the cry of cormorant and bittern. One forgot that there was an outer world, a nineteenth century, with railroad lamps and whizzing steam and firemen and engineers. But now the ring of the steam-whistle is in her streets, and everybody is awaking. God for the right! Amen!

H. B. S.

NIGHT-FALL.

Rose and amber round the sun,
Lo! another day is done!
Now, while soft the night-winds call,
Dews and purple shadows fall,
And, upon the horizon's rim,
Sleep the mountains, vast and dim.
In the embrace of watching skies,
Earth will rest till morning rise.

When the shadows fall for me,
Love! my rose and amber be!
And, on life's horizon rim,
Heavenly mountains slumber dim!
Savior! Jesus! to thy breast
Fold me then in perfect rest,—
Safe, in shielding such as thine,
Till the eternal morning shine!

DEAN.

A SABBATH ON THE CATSKILLS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Aug. 13, 1860.

YESTERDAY was a golden Sabbath. With a chastened warmth the sun-rays fell through the crystal air—an air so pure that the slightest sound from cawing crow or whistling robin in the pines beneath us, came up to our ears distinctly.

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

By five o'clock we were out upon the ledge in front of the hotel, for you must remember that the Mountain House is hung, like an eagle's nest, right on the verge of the precipice. As we came out to the table-rock, the sun was just coming up to the horizon. Aurora, with rosy finger, was opening the portals of the east. A long, fleecy cloud, whose lower surface was dyed with crimson, which faded into pink and then into a pearl-white, lay motionless in the glowing air. Between the Hudson and the far-away hills of Berkshire were heaped-up banks of vapor which parted at the coming of the king of day—like cohorts parting right and left to receive an advancing sovereign. Detachments of mist were floating out from the entrance of the "Clove," and moving off toward the silver Hudson. Presently the river began to turn to paley gold. Then brighter. Then redder. Then it burned into a molten mirror of crimson, for the sun had already passed up from the horizon and vailed his glorious face behind the mantling cloud. So screened was his brightness from the eye, that we could look down undazzled upon the gorgeous panorama of the vale beneath. Far off toward the south, smoked the Highlands with their morning incense. Nearer lay the winding of the river before Hyde Park. Saugerties with its white church-spires was at our feet. A patch of green no larger than a man's hand, on the opposite side of the river from Catskill, marked the spot on which the painter CHURCH is gathering materials for his nest. The cottage (Mrs. Cole's) in which, with his new-found mate, he is now waiting for the season of nidification, is also distinctly in view. Across the field from the cottage stands the studio of COLE, from which came forth the immortal "Voyage of Life," and in which still remain the unfinished "Cross and the World." Beyond this haunt of genius lies the bay of Hudson, golden in the sunlight—then the spires of Hudson City—then verdant farm and forest, and in the dim, mist-covered background swell upward the Green Mountains of Vermont.

A half-dozen of our fellow-lodgers, who, like ourselves, wished to begin the day's worship early, were standing beside us on the rocks, wrapped in cloaks and shawls. There was a dim resemblance in the scene to a sunrise on the Righi. But alas! no glaciers, no sky-piercing pinnacle of ice, was in sight. No sublimity either was there in our spectacle; but there was *beauty* infinite, beauty beyond aught that we have ever seen from mountain-top before, beauty beyond the reach of words. The sublime is only to be found at Catskill when a thunder-storm is mustering its battalions and discharging its terrific artillery among the "rattling peaks." At other times, the one sensation that is inspired by every varying view from sunrise to sunset, is that of beauty unending and illimitable. And never is the spectacle so surpassingly beautiful as at the day-dawn of a summer's morn.

Gradually our shivering, early worshipers stole back to their rooms, (and to their beds,) for the breakfast gong did not sound until eight o'clock. Then we rallied—three hundred strong—in the saloon, as healthy and hungry a group as Brother B—— ever musters at his hospitable board in Woodstock. After breakfast, the large company gathered in groups upon the ledge until the hour of service, or, with book in hand, strolled up into the thickets toward South Mountain. A few drove off to the Kauterskill Falls, about three miles distant; but the Sabbath arrangements of our Sabbath-observing host were cordially responded to by nine-tenths of all his guests. This house is a "sweet home" all the week, and a sanctuary on the Lord's day.

At eleven o'clock a gong sounded through the halls, and the parlors were soon filled by a quiet, reverential audience. A pulpit was extemporized in one corner of the drawing-room—quite as much of a pulpit as that from behind which Boanerges thunders every Sunday in Plymouth church. We had delightful music, for the leader of the "First Dutch church" of Brooklyn, with his accomplished *soprano*, were present. Their rich voices led ours, as we joined in good old "Coronation;" and with swelling chorus shouted out, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," in a style that would have gladdened Father Hastings's soul. A stout substantial Scotch divine gave us a discourse quite Chalmerian in character, on the "wondrous works of God" in creation, providence, and redemption. We all liked his Scotch brogue exceedingly; it is an unctuous brogue whether for song or for sermon; whether in Burns's lyrics or from Guthrie's pulpit. In that Gaelicized English have been delivered many of the most magnificent discourses of modern days. In the afternoon our hotel congregation gathered again to hear a discourse from your Brooklyn friend on "Love for Christ as the inspiration and joy of the Christian's life." Even a third service in the evening was crowded to the door! Again our good dominie from the "land o' brown heath" addressed us—his subject being the "Sepulcher in the Garden;"—again our eyes were lifted toward the everlasting hills whence cometh all our help—again our voices rang out upon the still mountain air as we joined in singing, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." When the company separated, unwearied, to their rooms, the general utterance was, What a blessed Sabbath we have had! a more delightful we never passed than this Sabbath on the Catskills.

Yesterday was clear from dawn to twilight. To-day the drenching rain is pouring down the window panes. Over the ledge lies an Atlantic of vapor without sail or shore, and through the hemlocks on North Mountain the wind brattles like a hurricane. We are disappointed of our expected ride through the *Clove*, a deep ravine which was the favorite haunt of Cole, and of his pupil Church. Over all this region these two sons of nature rambled together; their names are as thoroughly identified with it as the name of Scott with the Eildon Hills, or that of Irving with the Hudson. Great as is the fame of Cole, it is now outstripped by his more celebrated pupils. No production of Turner is superior to the *Heart of the Andes*—not even the "Sunset View of Cologne", or the "Building of Carthage." Claude is the acknowledged prince of landscape painters, yet in a distant land of which Claude had never heard, has risen up a youth who need not fear to have his productions hung on the same wall with the masterpieces of the man whose pictures used to sell for as much gold as would cover the canvas. Were the "Twilight in the Wilderness" to be found a few years hence in some dusty corner of an Italian convent, it might pass for a gem of Venetian or Florentine genius. Yet its author once played a Yankee boy in the streets of Hartford, and learned the secrets of his wondrous art,—not in foreign galleries,—but in yonder glorious Clove-gallery of rocks and mountain pines built by the Almighty arm.

The Kauterskill Falls our readers have seen in scores of engravings. We spent an hour amid the spray-bath at their base on Saturday. There is a double fall whose united hight is 250 feet. Old LEATHERSTOCKING photographed it finely when he said "the hand that made the Kauterskill Leap never made a mill! The water first comes crooking and winding among the rocks, so slow that a trout could swim in it, and then starting just like any creater that wanted to make a far spring till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft hoof of a deer, and leaves a deep deep holler for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow afore it touches the bottom; there the stream gathers for a new start, and maybe flutters over fifty feet of flat rock before it falls for another hundred, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this-a-way and then turning that-a-way, trying to get out of the holler, till it finally comes to the Clove. To my judgment, lad, them falls is the best piece of work I've met with in the woods; and none know God's works in the wilderness like them who rove it for a man's life." Amen to Leatherstocking!

T. L. C.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.*

NOT DESERTED.

BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

DISCUSSIONS about the theory and the extent of the lost one's condition are not in my present line. If any one imagines himself not lost, the messages of deliverance and salvation are not for him. If any one can look upon the world around and doubt their really lost condition, these messages of salvation cannot be delivered by him to others. But I have never believed that either of these conceptions were facts of actual conviction in any rational or observing mind. No man can try seriously to pray, or to obey God, or to love him and think of him with pleasure, without discovering how far he really is from the mind he seeks,—how far from God—from happiness and rest and actual hope within,—how difficult, how all but impossible he finds the pure and elevating employment he strives to realize. No man can rationally look upon the actual state of his fellowmen,—the aboundings of human wickedness, the overflowing of rebellion against all the restraints of virtue and holiness and sobriety, the feeble scattered growth of human excellence even according to the estimation and standard of men, and deny that he really dwells in the midst of a world of lost men. No young man truly looks at the beautiful symbol of the lost sheep without a responsive acknowledgment within, that lost one is me. Memory tells the story of the past, conscience proclaims the follies and wanderings of the present—and he can say with the deepest feeling of truth, "I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost." But he can never say, "I have never wandered, I have made my way perfect before God," without the secret confession to himself, that there is no truth in the pretense which he makes. A consciousness of constant error and constant defect, lies deep and permanent in the actual experience of his heart, and he cannot deny it.

But the Lord's second story in the series of illustrations to which I have referred, presents the subject in a still more personal, and I may say more interesting light. Like a piece of silver lost amidst the rubbish and dark corners of an Eastern house, is the youth whom he would seek and bring back to security and peace in a new life and new employment. Lost indeed such an one appears—concealed and covered in the dust; perhaps overwhelmed in vice, perhaps immersed in infidelity, perhaps forgotten and despised in poverty and debasement;—the condition, as it appears, utterly forlorn and hopeless. Helplessly lost apparently,—completely unable to recover himself,—all inward power of self-restoration, perhaps even all thought and hope of it, gone, it would seem, for ever. I need not stop in this general survey to illustrate by particular instances. These will occur as we hereafter contemplate the elements and facts of this condition. They will arise to the memory and thoughts of my readers in numbers. There came to my door not long since, a poor, degraded, tattered creature, scarcely wearing the form of man, and appearing the last dregs of beggary and sorrow. Nothing could appear more wretched and helpless. But I knew him when parental respectability started him in life—when education and a profession opened to him a career of honor—when talent and attainment made him known as a writer—when popular excitement and applause overturned his plans of advantage by the blandishments of society, and the demon of intoxication seized the dominion of his brain, his reason, and his conscience. And this was the remnant, cast out and forlorn, buried in the dust of death. Such a condition is without a remedy in itself. If no outward power is stretched forth to save the victim, there is no recovery.

Yet the Savior's illustration presents this lost one as still the actual property of a divine owner. The drachma is owned, though it be lost. Far different is it from the ore in the mine. This piece has passed through active hands—has received a stamp, the impression of authority—has become the accredited property of an individual possessor. Defaced it may be, and buried in the dust. But it bears a mark by which it may be identified and claimed. Such is the lost one of whom we speak. Still in sad and defaced lineaments man wears the image of God. Still the sinful youth has been purchased by the blood of God's dear Son. Still he is not his own, though left in solitude; he is not Satan's, though stolen and withheld. He is the property of God; and when found, he is recovered and not discovered. He has yet a kindred, and he may yet have an inheritance, in the skies. And we are to seek him in hope, and awaken him to hope, and encourage him in hoping, and never forget that he is to be saved by hope—if we would be the instruments of blessing him in reality and for ever.

He is lost, though still amidst the means of recovery and protection. This is a beautiful and most important distinction here. The wandering sheep was far abroad in the wilderness of earth. The lost piece of money is yet beneath the roof where it belongs. Man's condition is described thus, not finally outcast, nor forgotten; but still within the means of restoration. How exact is this. The sinful man lost amidst all the mercies of redemption; lying in the very house of God, a lost sinner. As really lost as if in the wilderness, in himself; unconscious of the reality of his own condition. The voice of mercy sounds around him, but he hears it not. The songs of praise and thanksgiving are offered above him, but he takes no interest therein. The glad tidings of pardoning love roll over him, but as yet to him they are nothing. Yet he is not irrecoverably lost; NOT FINALLY DESERTED. This is our comfort in many such a case, the comfort of ministering, the comfort of praying, the comfort of hoping, the comfort of believing still. This world of grace is no place for despair. There is a process of recovery described—a wisdom and power which can effect it—a love which has not yet given over its purpose or its effort. Not to be abandoned! Loved, remembered, though lost—loved, pitied, though dead in sin;—this is the condition of the lost one of whom we speak. How little he knows the tenderness which yearns over him—the thoughts he fills—the love that prays, and weeps, and speaks for him—the many conversations of burdened hearts about him.

What a special interposition is that which is sent to recover him! What a process of means and effort and of spiritual power is displayed in his recovery, thus individually seeking him. "*My piece*, the piece which I had lost,"—is the identifying expression which welcomes and claims him and rejoices over him, when recovered and restored. The memory of a loved young man with whom I was intimate years ago, rises up before me.

He was nurtured in wealth and luxury; educated amidst peculiar advantages of domestic and paternal piety. In an evil hour of temptation he wandered far in voluntary sin, and under the pressure of despair he fled from his father's house, a lonely but self-confiding wanderer. He plunged into a sailor's miserable life. He came to this city, a stranger and an outcast. Sick and wretched, he wandered solitary through these streets, his only bed the outdoor shelters of the miserable and forgotton. Weeks and months of this wretchedness passed by, initiating him to every shape of sin and wretchedness, but fraud and theft. Barefoot and despairing, at last he suddenly enlisted in the army, and was marched off with a body of recruits to a distant fort. Here he supposed himself finally forgotten and out of mind. Except in occasional solitary thoughts, his home and the joys of his childhood were banished from his memory. The piece of money was buried in the dust. Would it, could it, ever be recovered?

A pious, praying, widowed mother never forgot him. Alone and constantly her deep anguish swelled up in prayer, wandered in imagination, started new plans for hope, struggled against a final abandonment of her son. "She lighted a candle and sought diligently," indeed. But what could she do? Oceans were between them. To what side of the ocean he had wandered, she had no means of knowing. But prayer and pains can do everything. A family friend in journeying visited the fort in which the youth was serving, and recognized the long lost boy. Quietly and alone he departed and negotiated with the Government his discharge. He carried the release back to the post, and to the amazement of the youth, called him out a free and discharged man.

But wonders of providence still remained. That wandering victim of vice and folly, restored to respectability and employment, was converted to a Savior's love and service by the Spirit who had thus sent out his herald messenger of previous mercy. He was called to the ministry of the Gospel, in a course of peculiar direction and peculiar preparation. Nobly, faithfully did he carry the standard of Jesus. Boldly, blessedly, successfully did he proclaim the Gospel of the Grace of God. And when his venerable mother first clasped her wanderer to her bosom again, it was as an honored and able minister of the New Testament—that she exclaimed over him, "Rejoice with me, I have found the piece which I had lost." Thousands afterwards listened to him and delighted in him ere his course was finished and his rest received. Ah,—*not deserted*;—no; who can tell the lost one's history but God alone? Who can describe the mysterious ways in which God teaches his own chosen ones to be the future ministers of life and glory for him? Kindle then this latent spark! Arouse, awaken, even in the most wretched, the gleam of hope. There may be yet a blessing for that young man. He may yet be made a blessing to thousands. Love him,—encourage him,—despise him not.

S. H. T.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

The Independent

IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,

AT

NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

By mail, $2 00 per annum in advance.
" 2 50 " after three months.
" 3 00 " after six months.

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MERCANTILE POLITICS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

BY the open avowal or tacit assent of their antagonists, the election of LINCOLN and HAMLIN is now certain, unless defeated by a coalition, or series of coalitions, among their triple-headed adversaries. Were the election to be held to-morrow, and every voter to cast his ballot for the man of his choice, no one doubts that the Republican candidates would be chosen by the People.

This (to them) most unwelcome truth suggests to the various anti-Republican parties the necessity of coalition. They *may* be beaten if combined; but they *must* be beaten if at variance; so a part of them are deeply intent on coalescing to beat Lincoln.

So far, all is unobjectionable. Politics involve a frequent if not constant acceptance of the attainable better to the sacrifice of the impracticable best. No man can reasonably expect to have his personal choice fully and steadily gratified, where Two Millions of other wills are entitled to equal respect with his. Any voter may reasonably and honestly say, "I prefer A of all men for President; he most faithfully embodies my convictions, and enjoys my absolute confidence; but, since it is plain that he cannot be chosen, I will support C, who *can* be, and who is every way preferable to B, who is likely to succeed if I and those who think as I do vote for A." It is easy to clamor against such a course, as time-serving, or at war with principle; but the only practical choice, in a majority of cases, is between acting on this principle or (virtually) not acting at all. We say most distinctly, therefore, that, if the voters hostile to Mr. Lincoln deem his defeat of paramount importance, and are willing to forego their several preferences to achieve it, they may justifiably combine to defeat him. The principle which unites them—the common ground on which they stand—may be utterly indefensible, and they may be culpable for holding it, but not for combining to maintain it. Coalitions are apt to be unpopular, but they are not necessarily wrong. They are *prima facie* odious; because usually accompanied by juggle, concealment, and prevarication.

If any voter is impelled by his convictions to say, "Though my first choice for President is Bell, yet, in order to defeat Lincoln, I must and will vote for Douglas," or "for Breckinridge," he has a perfect right to act on those convictions. But, were he to say to his neighbors and friends, "I desire you, as Bell men, to vote the Electoral Ticket nominated by the friends of Douglas, *because a part of the Electors named thereon are for Bell, and will vote for him if chosen*," and the fact should be otherwise than as he represents it, then he would be guilty of gross dishonesty and false pretense, and deserving of the pillory and penitentiary. The touchstone of integrity in Politics is Frankness in the proclamation of Truth. Already have three full Electoral Tickets been formed in this state in opposition to Mr. Lincoln. They are made up and presented by the friends of Maj. Breckinridge, Judge Douglas, and Gen. Houston, respectively. So far all is well. If, now, the supporters of these rival candidates see fit to select a common ticket from these rivals, combining names from each in any imaginable proportions, it is their perfect right to do so, *provided* they let it be distinctly understood how the candidates so preferred are, unitedly or severally, to vote. Whether they see fit to divide equally as nearly as possible, or to give seven-eighths to one candidate and divide the residue among his two or three rivals, is their own business, with which others have no right to meddle. Open dealing, truthful speaking, are all that the general public have a right to demand.

But the Douglas State Convention saw fit to nominate ten candidates for Electors (out of thirty-five) who have not hitherto been publicly identified with the Democratic party—who are known, on the contrary, as its life-long antagonists. Most of them have been conspicuously identified with the "American" movement in our State; some are known rather as "Old-Line Whigs;" one (William Kent) is currently reported to have voted in '56 for Fremont. One or two of the ten have acted of late with the Democratic party, but (it was understood) rather from hatred of the Republicans than love of Democracy.

These men have a perfect legal right to support Douglas or Bell, and to be Electors for either: they have *no* moral right to obtain votes on the understanding that they are for either when they are really and effectively for the other. Yet this is the precise attitude in which they now stand before the public—that of Janus-faced supplicants for support from votes which they cannot but disappoint and betray. *The Express* parades their names in a special list, asserting that they are devoted adherents of Bell and Everett; the *Staats-Zeitung*, on the other hand, (whose Editor is on the ticket with them,) says they are for Douglas and Johnson, will vote for these candidates if elected, and could not have been nominated without a distinct understanding to this effect. And his statement stands uncontradicted, unchallenged.

Here is a clear case of political bigamy. Messrs. De Peyster Ogden, William Kent, Lorenzo Burrows, etc., have hitherto borne the character of honest men. They have been judged incapable of seeking place by deception and fraud. Each of them purposes, if chosen Elector, to vote for some one of the candidates for President now before the country. Can he honorably keep silence while some are soliciting votes for him on the assumption that he will vote for Douglas, others on that of his devotion to Bell? Suppose these gentlemen elected, and assembled to cast the Electoral Vote of the State, and the voters who had chosen them crowding in thousands around, doubtful and anxious as to the result! "Vote for Bell!" shout an anxious crowd; "we supported you on the express understanding that you would do so." "No, vote for Douglas!" shout a still larger and hoarser assemblage; "you would not have been nominated at Syracuse, nor supported by us, had it not been clearly understood that you would do so!" How must these gentlemen feel if caught in such a predicament? How must they act? Will it do for them to keep silence, solacing themselves with the reflection that there is no probability of their election, so that no such conflicting demands can ever be made on them? Suppose they *are* to be beaten—does that affect the radical dishonesty of their present equivocal attitude?

Gentlemen who engineer conventions, and make up tickets, and form political combinations! the American People demand of you manly conduct and wholesome examples! Some of you are said to be slippery and tricky: if that cannot at once be cured, let us at least remind you that the knavery which flaunts itself unblushingly is not merely roguery but sheer folly. It were a great mistake to treat the People as without conscience, merely because *you* have none. Do not ask them to vote for Electors as for Bell or Douglas or Breckinridge unless they are really and openly such; if they are, let them be universally known as such, without duplicity or equivocation. So shall you achieve, if not victory, at least respect, and be recognized, even in defeat, as having sought to give effect to your convictions only by means entirely consistent with probity and honor.

H. G.

SYMPATHY WITH THE BEREAVED.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 16, 1860.

THE parents of their recently deceased son, Rev. E. J. Hawes, take this method to express their gratitude to the numerous friends who have written them letters of sympathy in this time of their deep sorrow.

They would be happy, on many accounts, to answer these letters in form, but their wound is too deep to attempt this in the freshness of their bereavement. The wide and tender sympathy that has been expressed, has soothed our feelings and helped us better to bear the sore trial that has come upon us. We feel grateful for it, and our prayer is that the same consolation which has been supplicated for us, both by intimate friends and many others whom we have known only by the kind letters they have sent us, may be abundantly given them in their time of need whenever it shall come. We do not murmur, we hope that we quietly submit to the chastening of our Father, and say from the heart, Thy will be done. But we cannot forget that we *were* parents, and have lost all. The smitten heart will feel. God does not forbid it, and we bless his name for the hope we have, that our light affliction which is but for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

J. HAWES.
L. HAWES.

The Prince at Quebec.—The Prince of Wales attended divine service at the Anglican Cathedral last Sunday, dressed in plain clothes. He was met at the porch by the bishop and clergy. The Governor-General's pew had been refitted with crimson drapery, and a throne in the center.

Sermons
BY
Henry Ward Beecher.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. B. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."—Heb. vi. 19.

This is but a part of the memorable passage beginning with the tenth verse of this chapter, which I will read: "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he sware by himself, saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee. And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise. For men verily swear by the greater: and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife. Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."

The very words have the sound in them of the footsteps of God. There is a majesty in the very progress of the thought and in the movement of the sentences. There are two figures most unlike apparently wrought together here—a refuge and an anchor—"Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor." These figures do not succeed each other, but they intermingle. It may be a violation of rhetorical rules, but it is the fulfillment of a rich imagination thus to commingle figures; for no one who is apt to see things in symbols and by pictures, but knows that for the same thought there will often arise several distinct figures striving to represent it, and that the mind will, in its more fervid moods, take both figures or many of them in part. Thus in another place the apostle speaks of being *rooted* and *grounded* in Christ; but a tree stands on its root, and a house stands on its foundation, and both figures suggest to the mind the same idea. The hypercritic may say that a man cannot be a root and at the same time a foundation; but one can be that which root and foundation alike signify—established, stable, unmovable. A fervid imagination uses figures just as freely as words, and as we often change words or inflect a sentence from the very overflow of feeling as the progress of thought develops in our mind, so is it with figures and illustrations.

Even then if these two figures were seemingly separate in every one of their parts, there would be no mistake in rhetoric, for the two figures were one of armies and fortresses of refuge, and the other of a storm on the sea and a safe anchorage. They would not disagree or be incongruous, since they express from different sides the one intense meaning, namely, safety in extreme peril. But in this case I think there is a sublime unity in these figures that is not often seen. It is as if the apostle had seen the soul beset with great troubles like storms. Doubts and temptations fill the air black; the poor driven soul flies for shelter, the very wind drives it; the peril of the elements and their terrible threat speed it to some covert, and so it makes for the refuge. And then, in the universality of his imagination, the apostle sees the storm not alone upon the land, but upon the sea; the mariners are swept with the wind and dashed with the overwhelming waves, and for his peril the anchor is the refuge. The storm is common to both figures: the refuge is for the land, the anchor for the sea; and both of them mean one thing—security. For what a strong house is in the one sphere, that a sure and steadfast anchor is in the other.

What is the substance of the teaching? It is this: That there is a *trust* in God and a trustworthiness in him, which can hold the soul in every emergency. This is not a consolation arising from a sense of one's own integrity or strength; not from consciousness of attainment, even though they were effected by Divine help. There is no state of grace, there is no condition of affection, there is no amount of virtue or strength which, in extremity, can be a source of joy.

No amount of experience, no steadfastness, no victorious power of resistance to evil, will inspire joy except for the first hours of victory. They do not invest a capital, upon which we may draw in emergencies of sorrow. Nothing is more common than self-confidence in times of prosperity, but trouble strips a man bare. When the soul is really touched, when the storm strikes, then the sails are split and the masts go overboard, and a man rolls like a helpless hulk in the sea. There is nothing like real trouble to bring a man to the test, and then these vain self-confidences that were of some avail, when he did not need them, become of none at all when he is in urgent want. A house built on sand is, in fair weather, just as good as if builded on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightiest chain cable when there is no strain on it. It is trial that proves one thing weak and another strong. It finds out the weak places; it discloses all foolish refuges, and discriminates between true and false reliances, with unmistakable certainty.

The confidence expressed here arises simply from a trust in God. It is the feeling which springs up from our very helplessness; it is the feeling that grows strong by the very degree in which we seem to ourselves less worthy and more weak. It is such a sense of the Divine nature as makes the thought of God just as inevitably a refuge as the sight of a tower or of a fortress to the fleeing and the pursued. It is the nature of a tree to cast down its shadow upon the ground, and in a weary land, on a scorching day, no sooner do we see the far-off timber and forest than the thought is of a refuge; from the very nature of the tree we feel this to be so. It is the nature of a rock to afford coolness and shade: "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The idea of shelter and protection inheres in the very nature of the rock. If parched, it is the nature of water to slake thirst; of food to satisfy hunger. It is the nature of a fort, the first conception and the whole idea of a citadel, to protect those that are inclosed in it.

Now it is the *nature* of God to take care of those who put their trust in him, so that the very word God suggests care, kindness, goodness. The very idea of God in his infinity, is infinite care, infinite kindness, infinite goodness. All creatures are good sometimes. There is not a man so bad, that there is not some excellence in him, some spot in which he has amiable intentions. Many men are good a great deal of their time; very few men are good incessantly. We give God the name of good; it is only by shortening it that it becomes God—a vulgarizing almost of the term.

Our radical conception of the Divine Being is that of infinite mercy, infinite kindness, infinite love—paternity, embracing by the very, shall I say structure of his being? by the very necessity of his being—embracing all his creatures in infinite tenderness and kindness. I desire to make a distinction here, and there is great strength to be derived from it. There is many a man that does not do a kind thing by the propulsion of his nature; but because you persuade him. You study the weak side, you bring the object to him; you touch him skillfully, in the affections, in the imagination, in a thousand ways you address yourselves to him, and finally the man is persuaded to do a kind thing. There is so much of kindness in him that by suitably exciting it you may have responses of favor. It is dormant until, by the exercise of stronger feelings and the application of extreme motives, it is brought out. We say sometimes of a man, it is no merit in him to be good-natured; for he is born good-natured. We say of another, it is no trouble for him to be generous. It would be more trouble for him to be stingy. It is hard for some men to bow, because they are positive, while with other men it is easier to bow than not, because it is their nature to be kind and gentle: and we put a great distinction between men, whether they do things with or against the tendencies of their nature.

Now in approaching God, it makes a great difference in our effort, in our hope, in our expectation, in our faith and trust, whether we approach him as one to whom such things are possible upon proper occasions and upon such and such conditions, or whether we approach him as one the very momentum of whose nature and the very course of whose life, the very flow and necessity of whose being, is to be genial, gentle, kind, good, merciful. It is this thought of God—that he is inevitably protecting and kind, so that the very word itself suggests help as the word fortress suggests refuge—it is this that lays the foundation for this hope and this strong faith. It is the feeling that is peculiarly developed by the interpretation of God's nature, and also by the mercy and love, by the invitations and promises, of the Lord Jesus Christ. For why did he come to seek and to save the lost? why did he proclaim himself the shepherd and protector of the flock? why did he say, "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" why did he declare, "Because I live ye shall live also?" why did he say, "All that the Father hath given me shall come to me, and no man shall pluck them out of my hand?" unless it was to enkindle in the soul a trust and confidence which no darkness could quench and no trouble could shake. The very center of doubt is that our salvation, or succor, is to proceed from some meritoriousness, or constancy, or strength in ourselves. Such a confidence will save a man when he is strong, but it will always abandon him when he is weak. We have need of something to succor us when we are overwhelmed with conscious sin and weakness; and the admirableness of this trust in God is, that it depends for its efficiency not upon anything in us or in our merit, but in qualities that exist in the Divine nature, that are unchangeable, that do not fluctuate when we do, and that put God under us for all our needs just as he is under himself for his own necessities. A trust in God which is based upon such a conception of the Divine Being is one that will hold the soul, that will hold as an anchor. An anchor is not a thing to sail by; it is not a thing for fair weather. In the sense here employed, this is an anchor for refuge from the storm. An anchor is something for extremity. No man anchors if he can sail; if there is safety in sea room he makes for the sea, but if he is near by a coast he anchors that he may hold himself against the storm. It is this figure that is used here. Our life requires many ways of using God. We are to use him as bread in the familiarity of our everyday life. We are to use him as we use water, for he is the bread and water of life. We are to use him as we do our garments, for we are commanded to put on the Lord Jesus Christ; we are to use him as we would a coat. There are living purposes which God serves and which at various times we endeavor to open and set before you; but in this particular passage there is a use of God for extremities, just as an anchor is used for extremities that lies on the bows of a ship, quite useless through days and weeks and months it may be. It is only relied upon when the winter wind sings in the air with threat of danger, and when there is darkness on the sea in the night—then we throw the anchor overboard to hold us for the time being, but before the storm the anchor was quite useless for the ordinary purposes of life. There are also extremities of life when the soul can hold by nothing else but some such hope as this in God. There are times in men's history when, although they may be prosperous, they say, "My poverty," yet there are times when poverty has no foresight, and there is nothing to do but to say, "God is rich and I am poor; I anchor upon God."

Let us point out some of these emergencies that occur in the lives of the disciples of Christ, in which there is nothing but just this—God my hope and my help.

There are emergencies, first, of religious experience in which the soul can do nothing but simply abandon itself, and simply lay hold on God. In the application of the experiences of a Christian life we rest upon various truths; we rest upon various activities and duties, and not improperly in their sphere and in their place; but I suppose that every person who has a work of grace that is deeply rooted in him, remembers days and hours at some periods of life (they are more marked than at others) in which there is nothing that it can rest upon. There is just this one thing—helplessness the most utter hanging upon the neck of strength the most august—a sense of the most profound unworthiness standing before the most profound worth and purity and excellence. As the stars that rise in the morning over against the light, never rise so brightly nor last so long as the stars of the evening that rise from darkness, and that grow bright by darkness, so out of our spiritual experiences, though there rise up bright conceptions of God, there are none that compare for one single moment with those thoughts of God when the soul feels prostrate in the dust with its own sinfulness. There is majesty in the thought of mercy, and wonder in the graciousness of God, when we feel that we are sinful. But it is not always the feeling that sweeps us down the stream of being as a leaf is swept down the Amazon. There are moments when a man feels that from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is sinful and unworthy. These wonderful hours, when touched of the Divine finger, give inspiration to a man's moral consciousness; and when we are pervaded with a sense of our unworthiness, there is but one thing for us to do, to hope in Jesus Christ, and hope simply, or else despair. Not that you understand how he atones and pardons; not that you can see what is the relation of Christ to you. There is no philosophy about it; there is nothing but this simple instinct of hope; we clasp, we hold on to Christ, and say, "Thou art my anchor; thou art my safeguard and my surety." It is a feeling and not a thought.

There are moods of doubt and philosophical skepticism in which there is nothing left to hold on by but simply this thought of God; for the effect of philosophizing is the effect of untwisting the thread; it grows slack instead of growing strong. I think that faith and much thinking do not dwell well together; not in religion alone. I do not think it does to think too much in friendship. Let a child think about all the things he sees his father and mother do, and see if he loves them any better after that. Let a friend go about insisting upon reducing all feelings and instincts to thoughts, and strive to understand the nature of emotion by thinking—let him, instead of giving liberty in his heart, go to applying his philosophy to his friends, and see if he will stand nobler in friendship or not. Let him go out into the realm of thinking about eternal things, and it would be just as foolish. Let a man begin to study the relation of the race to God's government, and all the mutations of government, all natural and civil law, and all the ten thousand questions that rise up before the mind that thinks and is inquisitive of such thoughts as these, and the fact is that idea, stars, land, sea, everything—the more a man thinks upon them, the less is he strong, and the more is he enervated. And yet as it is not for men who live in Newfoundland to say whether there shall be fog or not, so it is not for every one to say whether he shall or shall not have these doubts. The great depths give up their mists, and these banks of white silver hue are hid in the fog. There are hours when it seems as though everything is swept away from us; that there is no heaven, that it is all fancy and a dream; that there is no responsibility; that there is no such thing as sin and virtue; that we are all so many animals, we are all following the instincts and circumstances that press without us; there is no God, or he would speak, or certainly he would give us some token in our extremest anguish that he is near; there would be some dawn of light. There are a great many men who strive to explain these doubts by reference to the natural laws, but no man has followed this line of thought to any satisfaction. There are a great many happy, genial, and hopeful theologians that think at last they have got up early enough to find out God, and so every generation you will find a man that explains everything. He does until the next man kicks it, and it all goes back to dust again. So we have excellent and amiable theologians that are raising the questions of the universe; not content with looking at this side of creation, they go away back and run along just before creation. Some men are going out at the rear, and some at the front door, and sweep their thoughts round about creation to settle the vastness of these questions that are never settled. When you shall chain the waves of the sea that they shall not rise any more; when you shall fasten in the tops of the forest the winds that rock them, that make them sigh their dirges in winter and sing their anthems in summer; when you shall cease the courses of the stars and bind the earth that it shall not roll in its orbit, then you may take these great questions, and, by the bands of your thought and by the cords of your philosophy, you may fasten them; but so long as you cannot do that, so long will they have free course. And so with the thoughts of men. There must needs come hours when a man finds himself quite drifted away from old thoughts. Contagious hours they are, hours of great trouble, awakening nightmares of philosophy and of doubt. In such hours as this there is nothing for it but to run, and there is but one way to run, and that is Godward. A man in these hours that does not run for God, should run for the lunatic asylum. There is but one way in which a man can find any rest, and that is to say blindly but desperately, "There is a Thinker, there is a Controller, and if men have not drawn his lineaments right, and if the portraiture of the books is not right, one thing I know, my soul proclaims there is goodness and wisdom, there is control. Whatever it is I seize it, I hold by an anchor to that blessed hope." The very moment a man begins to hold by that, sometimes, as by an electric touch, the clouds fade away, the sweet beaming face of Christ shines again, and all the mists have gone as sometimes you have seen them in the morning disappear, you know not how; we are bright again, and have joy in Christ and in all the blessed promises of his Word; and the miracles recorded there are not half as marvelous as the miracles wrought in the sweet experience of Christians every day.

There are times in which men are beaten off from all confidence in men. We were made social beings; we are made to be harnessed together, the weak to be supported by the strong, and the strong by each other. There are times in which our confidence in men seems to fail; there are times in which they do fail us, and we are left almost alone. It is quite vain to preach then to the prosperous on the blessings of solitude. There are not a few every Sabbath in this congregation, I suppose, that feel they are never so lonely as when among others; there is not a day passes over your head that the great city is not a wilderness to some. There are to all of us moods in which our confidence in men seems to fail. We unclasp our hands; there seems to be no feeling, there seems to be no trustworthiness, or if we trust them they move before us like shadows. Oh! the emptiness of life and the emptiness of men, and their powerlessness for good. In these hours, unless there is in the end a perspective, the everlasting God that is never weary nor faint, unless the soul can find some background like this upon which to put its confidence and hope, how poor and how weak it is! But there is always that. When man seems to need God most, the very shadow of the Infinite is over him. It is the uprising of man upon the scale of God that makes him seem as but a mote. Men move before us like shadows and pictures, because the soul is so filled with a sense of the infinite royalty, vastness, and grandeur of the eternal Jehovah. Again, there are times of affliction in which the soul is obliged to let go of everything. Great strength is there in health; great weakness is there in sickness. We live because we have bone and muscle and nerve, and while bone is stiff and muscle elastic, and nerve resilient, when troubles come we beat them off; but how when the nerve is gelatinous, how when the muscle is pulpy, how when sickness has dried up the blood? Give me a good full current, that when men issue their threats to me my head fills with fire, and my eye lights up a path in which courage shall walk; in these times there is no such thing as trouble. For the strong man armed, battle is play; it is easy for him to fight that has courage and weapons. But how when you have neither courage nor weapon, nor can see your adversary? The peculiarity of many of the afflictions of life is that they take out a man's marrow, they take the strength out of him; he is left collapsed and feeble, and there is nothing in him to rise up against these troubles. It is quite in vain to stimulate such persons by telling them what others have suffered, giving the old accustomed comfort, telling a man that he is not suffering more than anybody else has suffered, or that the longest night has a dawning. All these truisms of consolation do not help anybody, but hurt a great many. There is but one thing under such circumstances that ever has consolation. When, by reason of afflictions of any kind, life is paralyzed, and there is no sensibility left, if the soul can lift itself up to feel that there is life in God, that there is a vital connection between itself and the life of Christ, that though it die, it shall live—the simple thought that Christ lives and so shall I, that is an anchor, and that holds a man in this extremity and emergency of grief.

There are also moods of remorse; there are hours of the revelation of sinfulness to men; there are times when the memory of earlier follies or of later sins; there are times when the Word of God dawns into the soul and remeasures our judgments and our thoughts of sin; there are fresh incursions of justice that come in upon us, that quite outbrave all the decisions which, in easier hours, we have made, and rip up the things we had put away and folded and fixed. In those hours the soul is utterly beside itself. Because you do not feel remorse, it does not follow there is no such thing as remorse. There are many men that are riven with it; and in those hours I know of no anchorage to such men but God, no anchor that will hold them but him.

So there are times when God seems to discharge from life all its light, and changes all things to weakness. He takes from honor its brightness, he takes from pleasure its sweetness, he takes even from love its potency, he takes away all stability from things that seem firm. He turns business into folly, and all things are perishable, vain, and frivolous in our sight; nothing has any life or value but the eternal world, with the all-centering God. This is an hour when this world is put to shame. This is the anchor of the soul.

So there are hours of violent temptation, when the soul seems to be pursued by furies and fiends, when vanity and pride, deceit and passion, old passions, like old craters burned out, have new eruptions, and vomit forth the lava of depravity. There are times when it seems that sins bud and sprout again; times when the soul is like a garden whose weeds have been cut, but whose roots have not been killed. In such hours there is no medicine but that of heaven, no refuge but that of God, no anchor that can hold the soul but that anchor sure and steadfast which enters within the vail.

There are times, too, of uselessness and weakness. I suppose that those that are born weak and live weak do not perceive any especial trial in weakness; but I cannot conceive, to an active, restless, enterprising, achieving man, any horror greater than that of being laid aside to be utterly good for nothing. When you have run with the world, when you have thundered with the thunderer, when there has been in the hight of battle the measure of your arm and of your pen with the strongest and boldest, to think that by-and-by you shall lie aside, and hear the trumpet sound, and you not rush to the charge; that the arrogant and the haughty shall speak, and you shall have no voice to rebuke them; that other men will put forth hands to take hold of life, and no grasp in your hand and no power to achieve in your arm; to lie dead without dying; to lie on the shores of time like a ship that is of no use on the land, and cannot float on the sea. Yet such is the experience of many and many a man. It is a great grace when a man can lie useless and yet look up to God, and feel sweet content because it is the will of God. When a man can take, in his utter nothingness, such a hold of God and say, "It is best, I am ready to be nothing as long as thou will it to be so," that is an anchor sure and steadfast, which enters within the vail. I know of nothing else that could hold a man in such a trial as that. By-and-by comes sickness, by-and-by come premonitions of death, and by-and-by comes the narrow and the dark valley. The man is marked, and on his way to his last account. In that solemn hour men no longer judge themselves as they did in the midst of life, and excuse their acts. When your body was in health, and you were high in hope and in achievement, excuses that then satisfied you no longer satisfy you. When a man is far off from God, and the Judgment Day is not in all his thoughts, he will reason as he pleases; but when he is advancing faster and faster into the very presence of his Judge, and his immortality is at stake, it is a very different thing then to think, to measure, and to judge. In that hour neither assuring priest, nor singing friends, nor weeping relatives, nor any earthly appliances of consolation, are of any validity. When the soul is struggling up and out of life, nothing but God can hold it in its launches; then, in that last hour, if anything, the soul needs God—the anchor that is within the vail sure and steadfast.

But this is not the last—there is something worse than dying. It is to have death—and *you* left behind; it is to have them die that had your life in them, for whom you could have died, would have longed to die, but they went and you stayed. Life was carpeted with sackcloth, the heavens were brass, and the earth was dust. When your heart was stricken through and through, and you had turned from all things as insipid, if not even loathsome, in that affliction that follows such bereavements there is but one anchorage—*God.*

My dear friends, it is quite in vain for any of us to have a hope in God which is valid only in the fair hour of prosperity and of health. When an anchor is thrown overboard, if it floats in the stream, it is useless. No anchor is of any use whatsoever to a ship that cannot by its cable go down to take hold of the firm bottom, and that, taking hold of it, is not able to keep the ship. If when the storm beats, if when the whole concentrated fury of the storm beats on the ship, the anchor holds it, that is an anchor worth having. Woe to the mariner whose anchor breaks in the time of testing. If you have a hope that is good when you are young, when you are prosperous, and when you are happy, but does not hold you when you are sick, when you are cast out, when you are bereaved and discouraged, when life is taken away from you—if you have no hope that holds you then, you have got nothing at all. An anchor that only deceives men with the appearance of safety but that gives away in the hour of danger, is worse than none at all—a hope that holds a man when he does not need holding, but breaks when he does.

I beseech of you, therefore, now take such a thought of God: now enter by faith into such communion with Christ; now so center and plant yourself in the life of God, that when these times of trial come, you shall not only be sustained, but sustained with such abundance of consolation that you shall be able to testify with the apostle, "I rejoice in my infirmities; I rejoice in afflictions; I count it all joy when I fall into divers trials." Unless you have this hope, you may be sure that you will not escape. Constitution, brain, and physical health are a good deal. What men call luck is something, that adjustment of various things and circumstances that we have not analyzed and which carries men smoothly along the ways of life. Your social surroundings and love of friends are much. But there is a cup that everybody must drink; there is darkness for every one; there is a Gethsemane for every human creature with or without Christ; there is a night, a period of sadness and sorrow. You must have your troubles and trials. No man lives or can live without them. It may not have been yet, or it may be that you have already participated in part. Some men seem organized as much for suffering as others for enjoying. They are always sure if there is any way of extracting bitter from anything to get it; but there are others to whom life seems fair. There is a time when the firmest hopes grow insecure, when the sweetest pleasures cease any longer to please. Have you made any provision for that hour? Is there between your souls and Christ's a sacred union? do you now call him your Father and your Savior? have you laid your head upon his heart? have you given yourself so to God that if he forgets you, he forgets himself? have you laid yourself in the arms of his love by the confidence of your faith, so that you are a child of God? Then if you have, give yourself no thought for to-day nor for to-morrow nor for any time—for they that trust in God are surrounded as Jerusalem was, by mountains that shall not be moved. There is no security as they have whom God loves and watches, and who is to them in their prosperity like the sun, and in their adversity like the light of all the stars, to guide them in their night. God grant that it may be our lot to have this hope of God as an anchor sure and steadfast, entering into that which is within the vail.

* Preached by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Sunday evening June 24, 1860. Reported phonographically by W. A.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

An Imperial Letter.—France and England, and English Transformations.

ENGLAND, Aug. 7, 1860.

Even Princedoms and Imperial powers condescend to become correspondents. To write is human. To believe is not quite human; at least it is not common to the mature human, who is familiar with men and things, and who sees long shadows from the setting sun, as toward eventide. We do sometimes write what, perhaps, we never should say. We write "our innermost thought:" undeterred by vocal utterances, nor fearing the sound ourselves have made, we think and feel, and think aloud—by the pen. Well! here is *the* Emperor writing his "innermost thought;" writing "in perfect frankness:" writing because misunderstood, and because of "universal mistrust:" declaring his one thought to be to live in peace with all men, and particularly with Englishmen. The Imperial letter-writer takes the bull—that is, John Bull—by the horns. He says, My policy has been yours in respect to Italy: it shall be further yours, despite the Peace of Villafranca: Peace for Italy, without foreign intervention: Peace and order in Syria, with or without intervention, as England may desire. Rome, too, where Italy was conquered by "my army," shall be evacuated, if only our Lord God the Pope can be secured a whole skin. The Imperial letter-writer wants nothing! Nothing but peace. He had "renounced" Savoy and Nice, but he was obliged to take them, because Piedmont had become so potent!

As to his armies and his navy, they are nothing. What are 400,000 men? What is the newly created steam navy of France? "They have nothing of a threatening character." Nothing! "Let us understand one another in good faith," says the frank letter-writer, "like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other!" Thus, literally, the Emperor to the beloved Persigny, his representative in London; to whom finally his sovereign says: "I have told you all, I think, without disguising or omitting anything. Make what use you may think advisable of my letter." Previously this: "Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe me." Perhaps: for it is just possible that a thing merely affirmed may be believed, though things doubly sworn are not to be credited. And so the Persigny talks frankly to Lord Palmerston. (It ought to have been to Lord John Russell, who is the Foreign Minister.) The Persigny goes further; he communicates the letter to the press, and all the world has thus the advantage of the innermost thought and of the most perfect frankness of the simple-hearted man who has been accounted a veritable sphinx.

What does it mean? Perhaps a far-off intelligent American would determine more accurately than Briton or Frenchman. Why the letter has been written is not very mysterious. There is deep distrust of the Emperor. Lord John Russell told him it would be so at the moment when he broke through the defenses of three-fold vows, and took Nice and Savoy. This has caused incurable distrust, both in England and in Germany.

That France or Paris cared a straw for those annexations, nobody but the Emperor believes; and that he should have taken what he had so repeatedly and so openly "renounced," is not in the fashion of the "honest men" with whom the Emperor identifies himself in his letter. Then we cannot but ask, For what is this giant and perpetually improved army? What state had a thought of hostility against France? Besides, the 400,000 men are practically and potentially 600,000. Why is such an army maintained? Against whom is it next to be directed? Does the "empire of peace" rest upon bayonet-points and the upturned muzzles of rifled cannon? Is or is not such a vast military organization "immoderate" for France? and is it quite normal and moderate that Europe should be turned into a vast camp?

The Emperor gives his frank and innermost thought; and he now asks no better than concert with England in the affairs of Italy. This is good to hear. But there is this uncomfortable and incompatible fact:—the letter-writing Emperor had only the previous day expressed to the Neapolitan Minister his willingness to blockade Sicily, as against Garibaldi and in the interest of Bomba II.!

Then, at the same time, the semi-official press of Paris was assuming French intervention and occupation in Syria, despite the Sultan or the Great Powers. This Imperial ventriloquism puzzles "men of good faith" who are "honest" in a different sense to that of embassadors, principalities, and imperial powers.

NOTE.—The letter was written, printed, and published. Two days afterwards the House of Commons voted an installment of $10,000,000 toward fortification schemes which will cost, say $25,000,000. If it be lawful to curse, the Englishman may curse France, and Bonapartism. The National Chamber is being transformed in an evil sense, partly, if not exclusively, through the influence of France, which is supplying arguments to the Court, to the "Horse Guards," and to the territorial aristocracy, and to a rotten mammon aristocracy, to turn England into a military monarchy. But of this pregnant fact nothing is added here: a contribution is inclosed in which this idea is dwelt upon and illustrated, which may interest those who would note the changes in the old country. Governments are standing conspiracies against peoples. Wealth, always "conservative," timid, and cowardly, becomes the ally of ruling conspirators; and so men and nations decay, and their liberties are undermined.

Turkey and Syria.

THE Syrian massacres, and Turkish misrule generally, have been the subject of remark in both Houses of Parliament. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe spoke at some length, and with unwonted emphasis, on the 3d. This old and fast friend and adviser of Turkey would seem almost to despair of any real good being accomplished, and now apprehends the catastrophe which he so long labored to avert. He was very urgent with Ministers to impress upon the Porte the necessity of carrying out the promised reforms immediately; and he also stated that the Turkish Government had *not* shown that it had appreciated the endeavors made by England for twenty or thirty years to maintain the Turkish Empire. A short sentence will show how emphatic and decided the late British Minister at Constantinople was in his address to the Lords:

"One would have thought that the very circumstance of proclaiming these extensive reforms would have caused disturbances. Nothing of the kind took place, because care was taken to provide for the better administration of the laws affecting Mussulmans as well as Christians. Her Majesty's Government ought to take advantage of this occasion to press upon the Porte, and not only that, but to secure its acquiescence in what was imposed upon it—namely, the carrying into immediate execution the reforms that had been promised. The Grand Vizier had told him that the reforms which were introduced into the Hatti Humayoum were absolutely necessary and indispensable to the existence of the Turkish Empire. He said that these pledges on the part of the Sultan the proclamation which had been issued, the solemn guarantees given by this and other European Powers for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire, and which had entailed on this country most serious sacrifices—on all these accounts he contended it was not only the true policy, but it was the indispensable duty of the European Powers, and particularly of her Majesty's Government, to make the Turkish Government understand that that was the only chance they had—and, *so help him God*, he thought it was the only chance—of keeping the Empire together. There was another consideration. It was impossible to establish a better system of administration for the Greeks without at the same time giving a better system of administration for the Mussulman subjects of the Empire, and therefore he thought that carrying into effect the reforms which had been promised, would give them the best chance of raising the power of the Empire."

The protocol between the Great Powers, settling the conditions of interference, had been signed the day before (the 3d) at Paris. A body of troops, not exceeding 12,000 men, is to be sent to Syria, half of which is to be provided by France; their stay is not to exceed six months, and all their movements are to be taken in concert with the Commissioner of the Porte. The agreement only deals with the present fact, and is not to furnish a precedent for the interference of any power in future. It is also agreed that the Powers will not seek any accession of territory or any exclusive influence or commercial advantages. Up to this hour there is no authoritative account of any definite conclusion or final order for the embarkation of the French expedition.

In the midst of these movements, diplomatic and military, comes fresh and cumulative evidence, proving the calamity to have been even more extensive than reported, more horrible in its incidents, and more to be attributed to Turkish complicity than one was willing to believe. It is a fact that the massacre only ceased at Damascus when there were no more victims to destroy. A personal friend of some of the American missionaries, and who is the reliable correspondent of *The Daily News*, at Beyrout, writes under date July 19th. He names 2,000 as the number massacred at Damascus, though, he says, some reliable and authentic accounts give twice that number. He adds:

"On the evening of the 14th inst., the massacre, having lasted six days, ceased, for the simple reason that no more Christians could be found out of hiding to murder. The fire also was stopped for much the same reason, namely, that the whole Christian quarter—the habitations of 15 000 human beings—had been burnt down. The residence of Mr Brant, the English consul, had been spared, being in the Moslem quarter, and close to the great mosque, which would certainly have caught fire had the British consulate been burnt. Poor Mr. Grahame, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, was murdered within a few yards of the consulate, to which he was making his escape from a house which had been burnt over his head. All the friars of the Terra Santa, or Franciscan Convent, eight priests and a lay brother—consisting of three Austrians, three Spaniards, two Italians, and a Maltese—were murdered, and their church and residence pillaged and burnt. But what is perhaps most revolting of all is, that some seven hundred respectable Christian women—wives, daughters, and sisters of native merchants, shopkeepers, and others have been taken away—some to the harems of the Moslems, others sold to the Kurds, Bedouins, or whoever would buy them, and very many taken away from their homes into the Desert by these barbarians.

"Throughout the fearful scenes and events which lasted from the Monday to the Saturday, Achmet Pasha, the governor, never moved from his serail, or palace, nor were any steps taken to stop the outrages, except that of sending into the town troops who immediately joined in the pillage, in many cases taking part in the massacre. Although an old man, and going out at the risk of his life, the English consul, surrounded by a strong guard of Abd-el-Kader's men, found means three or four times of reaching the Pasha, and of begging him to take some steps to stay the outbreak. But no, he would do nothing, although at the commencement of the riot his troops, regulars and irregulars, outnumbered the rioters by at least ten to one."

We learn to-day that Fuad Pasha, the Turkish Minister and Commissioner Extraordinary, had removed this Governor of Damascus, and sent him away for trial, as also the Governor of Beyrout. Fuad Pasha reached that place unexpected and unannounced on the 17th July. But all "too late;" "too late." And the more Turkish troops are sent, the greater are the fears of surviving residents. Nowhere but in the presence of Turkish troops have there been cold-blooded massacres.

The latest French telegram says:

"The regiments destined for Syria left Chalons this morning. Four steamers left Toulon yesterday for Algiers to embark troops.

"News received here states that great agitation prevails in Candia, Jeddah, and Arabia."

Sicily and Italy.

The latest news—which awaits confirmation—is that 1,500 Garibaldian volunteers have disembarked in Calabria, unopposed, and that the chief is expected to appear shortly in Naples, whither he has been summoned by the Garibaldian Committee to assume the government. This is the answer of the sincere and simple-minded hero of Italy to courts and diplomats. Extremely interesting accounts of the Sicilian combats are coming in. The sharpest struggle was with the Swiss and Bavarians. A private letter written from Melazzo on the morrow of the victory, thus describes the conflict of the 19th:

"A terrible battle took place yesterday between the troops under Garibaldi and the Neapolitans. It lasted seven hours, and the Neapolitans were driven step by step from the positions they occupied along the coast from Barcelona and into Melazzo, which was then taken at the point of the bayonet. The Neapolitans were about nine or ten thousand, the Garibaldists about four thousand. Foremost amongst them was our own dear countryman, Lieut.-Col. Dunne, and the regiment he raised and drilled at Palermo. At the moment the victory was doubtful 'Il Reggimento Inglese' met Garibaldi and their colonel on the flank of the Neapolitans, having made their way close up to them through the canes and brushwood, and took four cannon. Then, exposed to a deadful fire from two battalions of the Neapolitans, the only men to retake the cannon; reformed again by their colonel, they gave another round and charged again, retook the cannon, and remained masters of the position. Colonel Dunne was in front and ridden over, but he shot the Neapolitan commandant, and Garibaldi was dismounted and nearly taken prisoner, but fought like a lion. There are a number of English officers in this regiment. Colonel Dunne is wounded in the foot and leg, Mr. Patterson in the hand. Five officers killed, and 48 men killed and wounded out of 400. Major Wyndham, of the same corps, greatly distinguished himself, as well as Captain Styles, late Scots Fusilier Guards. The details of this battle will doubtless reach you, but I thought you would be glad to hear of the distinguished part our countrymen took in it, and say with Garibaldi, 'The English for ever!'"

There is an unpleasing tone in some of the letters from Turin. The men of decided action, and Mazzini, who has inspired them, are depreciated. The men of protocols and mere Piedmontese, attack and disparage the men without whom Piedmont would have been nowhither, and the grand and victorious sentiment of national unity have been non-existent. We do not hear that the citadel of Messina is evacuated by the Bourbon troops, but they are bound by the terms of the convention not to fire on the town. W.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Much has been said of late, in the public prints, concerning the debt of the American Board. Repeatedly the churches which are accustomed to contribute to it, have been urged to increase their contributions, in order that the debt may be speedily liquidated, and the approaching Jubilee one of unmingled rejoicing. We trust this may be the case. There is, however, another Missionary Society to which many of our churches are attached; which, though not so venerable with age, nor of such world-wide renown, is equally deserving of support—we mean the *American Missionary Association*. According to the report of the Treasury, in the August number of *The American Missionary*, this Society is in need of increased contributions, so that it may come out at the end of the year free from debt. As many of the readers of *The Independent* are deeply interested in its prosperity, we purpose, with your permission, to say a few words in advocacy of its claims to the increased benefactions of the Christian public.

We have often been led to ask, Why is it that the A. M. A. is not more frequently brought to the favorable notice of our churches by the pastors? Why are not its operations more frequently noticed in our religious papers and periodicals? Only recently, in looking over a lengthy review of the benevolent operations of the year, in *The Tract Journal*—a review which included *all* our great societies—we failed to discover even a passing notice of the A. M. A. or its work. Now we think *this* Society worthy of all confidence and support. There are, it is true, peculiar features incorporated in its principles and organization; but these, we think, will be found on examination to be consonant with the feelings, and commend themselves to the judgment, of every serious-minded Christian. They do not make it antagonistic to any other similar society. They only mark out more distinctly *its* work, and the means to be employed for its speedy accomplishment.

It lays down in its constitution, distinctly, the great evangelical doctrines of Christianity as the basis of union; and admits to membership only those who embrace them, and give credible evidence of a saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. Its organization is simple. Any one, with the above qualification, may, by contributing to its funds, become a member, and have a voice in the election of its officers and Executive Committee. In the application of the Gospel, through its missionaries, it applies the Word of God to the sin of slaveholding, *as well as to every other sin.* Herein, perhaps, is its chief peculiarity. And is not this right? Is not this only putting into practice a widely acknowledged truth? In this respect, at least, it takes higher ground than any of our great missionary societies, and the only ground which we conceive to be Scriptural in relation to the treatment of slavery. So much for its principles and organization.

With comparatively limited means, it is doing a great and glorious work. Its operations are more extensive than many suppose. In the *home field* it has ninety-eight missionaries, five colporters, and two female missionary teachers. Most of the missionaries are laboring at the West. They have under their care, according to the last report, 130 churches. During the past year thirty-five revivals of religion were reported, and over 1,000 hopeful conversions. The great and good work which has been going on, through the instrumentality of its missionaries, in Kentucky and North Carolina, is for the moment checked; but we doubt not, by-and-by, it will go forward with a rapidity hitherto unknown. The seed that has been sown will germinate, and in due time bring forth a glorious harvest. Who can estimate the amount of good already accomplished by its indefatigable missionaries? Yet how much there is to be done. As of old, it can still be said, "the fields are white already to harvest." It is true, in many places at the South the pure Gospel could not be preached—the door is yet shut; but in how many places in the "wide-extended West" could faithful missionaries be employed if the men, and especially the means, were forthcoming!

In the foreign field, the A. M. A. has missionaries in Africa, Siam, Jamaica, W. I., Sandwich Islands, among the Indians of our own country, and in Canada

THE HOME MISSION QUESTION.

In its last issue, *The American Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia—which has been in former days one of the most zealous New-School Presbyterian papers for the principle of co-operation—has an article of some three and a half columns on New England and the Home Mission Question, in which it states very fairly what *were* the spirit of co-operation and of affinity between New England and the New-School Presbyterians when our National Societies were formed, and when New-School men were passing through the fiery trials of exclsion. But it adds :

"A change has come over the mind of New England which no one could have anticipated, and a state of things has sprung up there, in regard to co-operation with the New-School denomination, which is, in no proper sense, a *development* of anything in the previous history of New England sentiment, and which no one could explain if he should attempt merely to apply the principles held by the fathers of the New England churches. This change is certain, we think, now to result in a rupture of the two denominations in the matter of Home Missions; we fear it will not be possible to arrest the tendency of things until it shall have divided the two great denominations, even in the work of sending the Gospel to the heathen world.

"We are not certain that we understand the causes of the change which has occurred in New England on this subject. We are willing to admit that it may have been increased, if it was not caused in part, by a new growth of denominational feeling in the Presbyterian body. We are not sure but that, in some portions of the Presbyterian Church, the denominational movement has been pressed forward with an ardor that may have given just offense to those with whom they were pretending to cooperate."

In relation to the above, we would say, that, so far as the matter of co-operation with Presbyterians is concerned, no material change has come over the New England men, whatever may be said of some Western Congregational bodies. New England entered into co-operation with Christians of other denominations to do the work of Home Missions through the A. H. M. Society, on the principle that all calling or aid were to perform their missionary work through the parent Society. "Their funds were to be reported to it and acknowledged as its funds; their missionaries were to be its missionaries, acting under its commissions, and in accordance with its rules." And while doing this, each auxiliary had a claim on the funds of the parent Society to aid its feeble churches, to any extent consistent with the greatest good of the whole. On this principle New England has been willing that a Society, a majority of whose executive officers have been Presbyterians, should receive and disburse its funds raised for Home Missions. Yea, further than this: While she has taken care of all her own feeble churches, she has paid over large sums to this common Society, to be disbursed for the common good, in building up Presbyterian and Congregational churches indiscriminately. Hence, the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society, while it has not asked a dollar from the common treasury, has voted, year after year, that one-fourth of all contributed in the state be paid over to the A. H. M. Society, and that, too, when half its own desolations, which, if built up, would be Congregational, have laid waste. Massachusetts and Connecticut have acted in a similar way—sustaining their own feeble churches, and paying over largely to the common treasury, and yet asking nothing from this common fund for themselves. And New England has never departed from these principles, as is shown by the resolutions of the different Ecclesiastical bodies, declining a conference on this subject.

But Presbyterians have departed from these principles. The Alton Presbytery is a case in point. That body used for some years all the funds raised within its bounds—with the exception of less than $100—amounting to more than $2,500, for merely denominational purposes, in sustaining missionaries commissioned by themselves; and yet, during the same time, received more than $7,000 from the common treasury, to sustain some twenty of its feeble churches. The General Assembly, by its new "Church-Extension" policy, has sanctioned the principle acted upon by the Alton Presbytery—which, to plain men in New England, seems to subvert the principles of co-operation on which the A. H. M. Society is based. And yet, when that Society declines to make further appropriations to Presbyterian churches in the Alton Presbytery, contrary to its fundamental principles, it is accused of overriding the Church Presbyteries and Synods, and as being governed by "new rules;" and there is a great cry against the Society through all the Presbyterian bodies, simply, so far as the New England mind can see, for abiding by its fundamental principles.

This we take to be the view taken of the matter by New England Christians generally. Hence they say they are satisfied with the Society, and that if our Presbyterian brethren can no longer act with us on these mutual principles, but as a Church *must* manage their Home Missions in their own way, independent of the A. H. M. Society—if they must on this ground depart, let them depart. We wish them to do that which they deem to be for the interests of their own denomination and the kingdom of Christ. And it is difficult to see what more could be said, were they to meet us in conference on the subject.

And yet, our declining to respond to the proposition for a Conference seems to be a ground of grave offense, and the occasion for imputing to us motives of the most dishonorable character. The following from *The American Presbyterian* of July 5th is a specimen of what we might furnish our readers to an unlimited extent :

"Vermont and Connecticut—Cannot Look us in the Face."

"In another column will be found the resolutions of the General Convention of Vermont and the General Association of Connecticut, adopted at their recent meetings, in response to the proposal of a Committee of Conference on the part of our Assembly. It will be seen that they decline altogether to reciprocate the friendly advances of the Assembly. In all probability this example will be followed by the remaining bodies, and no Committee of Conference will be appointed. We regret this far more for their sakes than for ours. The loss of money and of the prestige of connection with a venerable society, will be trifling in comparison with the reputation for uncharitable temper and the suspicion of bad faith which our brethren will incur, and are incurring, in consequence of such a course. We presume there is some process of subtle reasoning, whereby our metaphysical brethren have satisfied themselves of the propriety of their course; but plain men will never cease wondering why a Fraternal Conference with ourselves on any subject whatever should be refused. Plain men will infer that the party seeking such a conference is conscious of rectitude, frank and honorable in its intentions, and that the party refusing has something to hide, something in its policy that will not bear the light; they cannot look their brethren in the eye. Plain men will be strongly inclined to credit the complaints of men ready for an investigation, which is refused by those who are implicated. Plain men will say, these Presbyterians have acted as Christians and as gentlemen; they have done nothing hastily or rashly; they have pursued a course eminently distinguished for Christian moderation; before taking final action they appealed to the Home Missionary Society, and their appeal was unsuccessful, they turned to their original associates in the copartnership, not dictatorially nor insultingly, but with the tone of fraternal confidence, proposing a friendly interview for the amicable and peaceable adjustment of difficulties, and they have been summarily repulsed. Nothing more is left them but to pursue their own course, which they will do with a clear conscience, and with the approval of God and man.

"Our brethren take this opportunity to reindorse the American Home Missionary Society in the fullest manner. Does not this give their case a still more awkward look? Here are two partners who have employed a clerk to attend to a particular branch of their business. Circumstances arise which lead one of the partners to believe that his interests in the part of the business are overlooked, to the advantage of the other member of the firm. He calls upon the clerk for an explanation. The clerk's answers are evasive and unsatisfactory. He turns to the other partner and proposes an inquiry into the conduct of their employe. Would it not confirm his worst suspicions if the request were peremptorily declined? If he were told that if he did not like the firm he might leave it? that for their part, the other side were particularly delighted with the manner in which the clerk had managed the business? We will not say that the American Home Missionary Society is an institution which, of late years, has been worked almost wholly to the advantage of the Congregationalists, but if we come to say so we should hardly need stronger confirmation of the assertion than the emphatic indorsement of the Society, under present circumstances, by Congregational bodies East and West.

"We do not care to pursue this subject any further than, as Journalists in the Church, it is our bounden duty to do. It is a matter of very limited interest to us, as a denomination, how the proposed Conference issues. We know it could not result in any harm to us; we see that it is redounding to our credit, and placing us in an enviable moral position. The religious community is promptly according this to us. *We have not met with a single instance of approval of the Congregational policy outside of their own journals*, whereas our own course has, in several instances, been warmly approved and sustained by other than our own journals, as our readers have already seen."

With this state of feeling on the part of our Presbyterian friends, surely co-operation must be at an end.

The Presbyterian thinks that one cause of the change which it thinks it sees in the New England mind, arises from the "leadership having fallen into the hands of comparatively young men." This it thinks it saw to be the case at the Albany Convention, and the evil has not decreased since.

The following extracts from the same paper will show how Presbyterians are accustomed to talk about the adaptation of Congregationalism to mold the public mind out of New England :

"It was discovered, also, while the Congregationalists contributed largely to the common funds employed in spreading the Gospel in the newly settled portions of our country, that the result in producing Congregationalism was not by any means proportioned to the funds contributed from that source. The result was *not* extensively *Congregationalism*, but *Presbyterianism*. The eggs placed under the hen were, indeed, hatched out, but the hen could not keep the progeny as a part of the brood. The young ducks made their way to their kindred element. This was no fault either of Congregationalism or Presbyterianism. It was in no sense the result of design on the part of the Presbyterians, or the want of zeal on the part of the Congregationalists, but it resulted from the nature of the case. Congregationalism had its home in New England. It sprang up and flourished there as a matter of course. It was adapted to the New England mind; to New England training; to New England habits. It is the form of church-government which most naturally prevails there. But it is *not* thus adapted to the class of minds that spring up in the Western, the Northwestern, and the Southern states of this Union. It had but a slight adaptation unless to western New York; it has less to Indiana, to Michigan, to Minnesota, to Missouri; it has none to Pennsylvania, to Delaware, to Maryland, to Virginia, to Kentucky, or to the Carolinas. In some of these states it has never struck its roots at all; in none of them has it struck them deep. Whether it be that there is in these states more that is naturally of a Presbyterian tendency; whether it be that the Scotch-Irish element has largely pervaded these portions of our country; whether it be that the masses of the people have not the habits or the education to administer a church-government themselves; or whether it be that they regard the Presbyterian mode of government as more in accordance with our civil institutions, and as better carrying out the idea of a *representative* government, we know not, and need not now inquire; but such is the fact. It became apparent, even under the best form of administering the American Home Missionary Society, when there could be no suspicion of partiality in the application of funds, that Congregational churches sprang up in no degree in proportion to the funds employed, and to the number of Congregational ministers that were sent into the field. Many of those ministers became Presbyterian; and Presbyteries sprang up where Congregational Associations were expected, and there was a prospect that the whole land would be pervaded by Presbyterianism, and that Congregationalism would be confined, in a great extent, to New England."

And yet the Congregationalists of New England, knowing all this,—that co-operation *tended* to build up Presbyterian churches more than Congregational,—declare themselves ready to go on upon the principles on which the A. H. M. Society was founded! But with Presbyterians the time is past and the end of all co-operation is at hand. Hence the same paper adds :

"We fear that the time is rapidly approaching when the two denominations, heretofore so closely united, are to separate; first, we now think morally certain in regard to the American Home Missionary Society; ultimately, we *fear* in regard to the American Board, and then to the whole system and idea of co-operation. We think we perceive that a feeling is growing up which tends to this result in both denominations—a feeling that they can best promote the interests of a common Christianity by each denomination doing its own work."

We have devoted a large space to this subject, but its bearings on the interests of religion generally demand that it be fully considered by the churches. It was an important era in the Church when good men of different denominations gave their sanction to the principle of co-operation on which our national benevolent societies were formed. It was a sublime spectacle to see these denominations laying aside their minor differences so far as to enable them to unite their energies in spreading a common Christianity. Great good has undoubtedly been done. From that moment the cause of benevolence has received a great impulse. As one after another of the denominations have receded and set up societies of their own, the principle has been growing weaker and weaker. In the separation of Congregationalists and Presbyterians in the work of Home Missions, the principle is to receive another and more important blow; especially as it seems to be expected that it will be followed by a separation of these bodies in the work of Foreign Missions. It is, therefore, a matter of serious moment, and deserves a prayerful consideration.—*Vt. Chron., July 17th.*

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—COLEBROOK.—Rev. Henry M. Bridge was installed on Tuesday, Aug. 6th, pastor of the Congregational church in Colebrook, N. H. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. J. B. Hill of Stewartstown, N. H.; Prayer by Rev. E. Borden of the Baptist church of No. Stratford, N. H.; Sermon by Rev. H. M. Dexter of Boston; Installing Prayer by Rev. Jere. Glines of Granby, Vt.; Charge to the Pastor by Rev. Josiah Morse of Guildhill, Vt.; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. William Sewall of Lunenburg, Vt.; Charge to the People by Rev. E. B. Chamberlain of Shoreham, Vt.; Concluding Prayer by Rev. D. Judd of the M. E. church of Columbia.

MASSACHUSETTS—WESTFIELD.—The Second Congregational society in Westfield, of which Rev. J. S. Bingham is pastor, has now in process of construction a new meeting-house, which is to be completed December 1st. It is located at the northeast corner of the Green. The cost will be about $20,000. The First society, Rev. Dr. Davis's, are also building a meeting-house on the site of the old edifice, which has been moved back from the street, and is to be occupied for public worship till the new houses in completed. The simultaneous construction of these two spacious and beautiful church-edifices in Westfield, is but a fair index both of the material prosperity of the town, and of the growing strength of Congregationalism in the place. The Second church was organized about four years since by a colony from the First, and entire harmony has existed between the two from the first.

HAVERHILL.—The installation of Rev. R. H. Seeley as pastor of the North Congregational church and society in this town, took place on Wednesday last. The following was the order of service in the afternoon: Invocation and Reading of Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Barrows of North Parish; Prayer by Rev. S. J. Spaulding of Newburyport; Sermon by Rev. Prof. Shedd of Andover; text—2 Timothy ii. 15: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth;" Installing Prayer by Rev. Dr. Cleaveland; Charge to the Pastor by Rev. Mr. Parsons of Springfield; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. J. T. McCollom of Bradford; Charge to the People by Rev. Mr. Quint of Jamaica Plain; Closing Prayer by Rev. Mr. Doggett of Groveland.

The exercises were very interesting, and the unanimity which has characterized the action of the church and society in this matter, are indicative of a happy state of feeling, and the pastor will enter upon his duties under very favorable auspices.—*Haverhill Gazette.*

CONNECTICUT—SUFFIELD.—The Congregational society at Suffield, Ct., has lately come into possession of about $6,000 as a fund for the support of the ministry, given by the late Mrs. Canfield of that place.

ILLINOIS.—We have the minutes of the General Association of this state. The whole number of Congregational churches in Illinois is 196, being an increase of 23 since last year.

CHICAGO.—Rev. Washington A. Nichols writes to *The Boston Recorder* under date of August 4th :

"As there seems to be some mystery in the minds of New England friends as to what the pastor of the Salem church is doing in Chicago, and as he is often confounded with Rev. D. B. Nichols, late Superintendent of the City Reform-School, it is proper to state, *definitely*, that the Superintendent of the Reform-School, and the pastor of the Salem church, are two distinct persons, with identities entirely separate. The 'pastor' has been, through a failure of health in New England, an exile twelve years from the ministry, returned to it in Chicago with somewhat of the freshness and zeal of a new beginner, and, as the most hopeful method of making up for lost time, engaged in the work of pioneering—a kind of labor which is *very plenty* 'in these parts.' In Brookfield, Mass., the scene of his early labors, lie the remains of all his children, the buried caskets of three jewels, but the jewels themselves are trusted to have a more interesting deposit. In order to supply in some measure what has been removed in this natural bereavement, he has for several years enjoyed the expense, to a great extent, and the labor of rearing and fostering the Salem Church, now one of the largest church and the Salem church of Chicago. His constant effort and ardent prayers are, that he may live to aid these later objects of his affection and care into an independent support, and into vigorous activity as members of Christ's body. This accomplished, if God permit, he will consider '*the tug of life*' as substantially over; and yet quietly wait and work in any sphere by God appointed, and in it hope, till the Master calls: then lie quietly down by the side of my wife and child in the old family burial-ground in Brookfield, to enjoy the rest which God will give to those who are worn and weary in his service. This has been the programme of his Western life."

BRUCE.—Pursuant to letters missive an ecclesiastical council, consisting of seven churches, met, on the 1st day of August, to examine and ordain to the Gospel ministry brothers H. H. Hinman and A. D. Wyckoff. During a careful examination the candidates showed an acquaintance with, and ardent love for, the essential truths of the religion of Jesus Christ. Being satisfied with the faith, piety, and Christian character of the brethren, the council proceeded to ordain them to the work of the Christian ministry. The principal parts of the services were performed by Revs. L. Taylor and J. J. A. T. Dixon.

The interest of the meeting was increased by the fact, that brother Hinman shortly goes to Africa as a missionary. Brother H. is known and beloved by the people here, and their prayers and hearty God-speed go with him.

GALENA.—A Congregational church has just been formed in Galena, Illinois, composed chiefly of members of the Second Presbyterian church, N.-S. They are at present supplied by Rev. W. B. Christopher, late pastor of the church from which the colony was formed.

BAPTIST.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.—Dr. Wade, in accordance with a special request of Dr. Binney, had spent most of the dry season in the construction of a "Karen Grammar." The work is strictly vernacular; yet with so much English translation interposed as will enable new missionaries to avail themselves of it in acquiring a knowledge of Karen. —Report, coming through Maulmain, states that Men-long, a celebrated marauder, who had been harbored by the Independent Chief of the Eastern Red Karens, lately attacked Toungoo, with three hundred followers, but was overcome, captured, and subsequently tried for rebellion and hung. Should this report prove true, one of the chief obstacles to the spread of the Gospel in that region will be removed. —Mr. Stevens proposes applying himself mainly to getting ready for the press the New Testament with references. —"Mr. Hubbard," according to Dr. Wade's testimony, "had well improved the traveling season this year, and in many localities found an unprecedented disposition among the heathen Karens to listen to the Gospel."

SPURGEON.—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the London revivalist, recently preached in the pulpit of Calvin at Geneva, Switzerland. In writing of it he says :

"All the brethren appeared to hail my presence in the pulpit of Calvin as a most extraordinary token of good-will, and evidence of progress in the Established Church. Readily did I accept the generous offer of the pulpit; and the bondage of a gown and bands, to which I have never before submitted, was a very trivial concession to a principle once so rare, but now, happily, more fully recognized, viz., the essential union of all the church of Jesus Christ. I met with the pastors of both the National and Free Churches, who all appeared to entertain the most fraternal relations toward each other."

BAPTISTS IN GERMANY.—Rev. G. W. Lehman, one of the Baptist evangelists in Germany, writes to *The Freeman* of the admission of fourteen new members into the church at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The pastor of this church describes the terrible persecutions which were inflicted upon some of this number, who were residents of a neighboring village. Some, he says, "were awakened suddenly from the slumber of sin; amongst them a gin-house keeper, his wife, and two daughters. Immediately he gave up his lucrative brandy traffic, and opened his house—till then the resort of drunkards and gamblers—to a house of prayer and worship. But that was too much for the enemy of souls, and he stirred up his fellows to destroy the work of God. A meeting, which I held last month, was disturbed by a rabble who cried and threw stones through the windows. I gave notice of it to the authorities, asking them to take care for order."

EPISCOPAL.

JERUSALEM.—Bishop Gobat speaks of his mission at Jerusalem in the following terms :

"I must candidly confess that it has not progressed of late as I had wished and expected; but I must also observe that the exertion on our part has been feeble, whilst the opposition on the part of the Romanists, the Greeks, and the Armenians, has been increasing, with an abundance of means compared with our poverty."

IS "OUR CHURCH" THE "CHURCH?"—*The Churchman*, in a recent issue, says: "Our Church stands in an utterly abnormal position—bishop against bishop, and doctor against doctor, with no voice to compose the strife." *The Churchman* alludes to its "*one* catholic and apostolic Church."

NEWPORT, R. I.—Many historical associations are connected with this place. It was here that the sainted Berkeley once resided, and the spot is still pointed out, near what are called the Hanging Rocks, in full view of the majestic ocean, where he used to sit, and where he planned many of his valuable works and sermons. Old Trinity is one of the churches which survived the ravages of the Revolution. Her spire is capped with the crown of old England; her pulpit is the only one existing in this country in which Berkeley preached; and her organ, presented by him, was one of the first imported to this country. It is still in use, and is surmounted by a crown and two miters. —*Cor. Churchman.*

DOMESTIC MISSIONS IN THE P. E. CHURCH.—We have now three separate organizations for the carrying on of the missionary operations in the West, as follows :

a. The General Domestic Committee, which helps equally both parties in the Church.

b. The Philadelphia Missionary Association, which helps exclusively the Low-Church party, using the agency, offices, and officers of *a*.

c. The American Church Missionary Society, which helps exclusively the Low-Church party, using its own agencies, officers, and offices.—*Banner of the Church.*

INCOMPATIBILITY.—Rev. J. Wesley Osborne, for several years colporter of the American Tract Society, on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, has recently resigned his agency. Mr. O. is an Episcopalian, and considered that he was interfered with by the Society in the discharge of his duty as a minister of "the church." The particulars have not transpired.

SAN FRANCISCO.—There has been a warm controversy in the San Francisco papers, growing out of an invitation to Rev. T. Starr King to address a public festival composed of scholars in the Episcopal Sabbath-schools of the city. The Episcopal officials published a card disapproving the action of the committee which invited Mr. King, and the chaplain of the day, being threatened with excommunication, resigned. A Congregational minister filled his place. The controversy had the effect to draw an immense crowd to the festival, and a profit of $1,725 was realized.

INDIAN MISSIONS.—The Bishop of Rupert's Land has just returned from visiting the missions of the Church Missionary Society among the Moose Indians, James' Bay. On July 11th the Bishop held an ordination in the Mission church, Moose Fort, when Rev. T. Hamilton Fleming of the Church Missionary College, Islington, was ordained priest, and Mr. Thomas Vincent, schoolmaster and catechist, and formerly of St. John's Collegiate School, Red River, was admitted to deacon's orders. The Bishop returned by way of Lake Superior and Canada, and is at present on a visit to this city.

METHODIST.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—This body, which has been sitting for the past few days at the City-road chapel, London, continued its business on Friday and Saturday. The questions dicussed related entirely to the internal organization of the denomination. Candidates for ministerial duties were accepted to the number of 120. It transpired that during the year thirty-one ministers connected with the denomination have died in England, three in Ireland, and three resident at foreign stations. Sunday was what is termed "The Conference Sunday." Special religious services were held in all the Wesleyan chapels in the metropolis, seventy in number.

VIRGINIA METHODISTS AND THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.—The official Board of the M. E. Church, South, at the Fredericksburg, Va., station, met on the 5th inst., and passed resolutions cordially approving of the action of the members of the M. E. Church, Baltimore Conference, at that station, in reference to the legislation on the subject of slavery by the late General Conference, and extending to them the right hand of fellowship as unto brethren in the bonds of common Methodism.

REFORMED DUTCH.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.—On Monday evening, August 6th, Edward W. Hitchcock was ordained to the Gospel ministry, and installed pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Tompkinsville, Staten Island; and, at the same time, John Wenish, missionary to the German population of Tompkinsville, received ordination, all by the South Classis of New York.

Rev. N. E. Smith of Brooklyn preached the Sermon; Rev. Dr. McAuley delivered the Charge to the People; Rev. J. Eels the Charge to the Pastor; and Rev. A. Berky the charge to Dr. Wenish; the latter in the German language.

The occasion was of more than ordinary interest, inasmuch as Mr. Hitchcock is a young servant of Christ, just graduated from the school of the prophets, and had been adjudged qualified and fit to be intrusted with the charge of this important eitadel of the truth, and outpost in the chain of fortresses which the Lord has erected round about his people; and then and there he was solemnly invested with the command thenceforth to be an officer in the army of Christ, under the great Captain of Salvation, to lead his people to victory, to wage incessant war against sin and Satan, to win souls to Christ, and to be faithful unto death.

Mr. Wenish, too, fills an important post. His countrymen, the Germans, form a large portion of the population about Tompkinsville, and they had been without a leader to marshal them under the banner of the Cross; and now he is sent to them by the great Head of the church, to draft them into his army, and lead them forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty.—*Chr. Intel.*

UNITARIAN.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU OF LONDON.—We regret to learn, by a note from this distinguished Unitarian clergyman to the Standing Committee of the Twenty-eighth Congregational (late Rev. Theodore Parker's) society in this city, received by the Persia, that he has been obliged to yield his purpose of visiting this country this fall. He says :

"For the present I am retained at home: not thinking it right to throw upon my excellent academical colleague, Mr. Taylor, who is suffering from the weakening effects of past illness, the additional burden which his absence would occasion."

REV. T. STARR KING.—*The San Francisco Bulletin* has a long and highly complimentary notice and report of a lecture delivered by Rev. T. S. King before "the Dashaways," a temperance organization, which sustains an establishment for inebriates like the "Home of the Fallen" in Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BIBLE IN ITALY.—At a recent meeting in Edinburgh, Rev. J. R. McDougall, from Florence, made an interesting statement as to the steps which had been taken to spread the Bible in Italy. After noticing the great change which had taken place in Italy, he said :

"Last year people were imprisoned and exiled for reading the Bible and now they enjoy comparative freedom. The demand for the Bible and for evangelical treatises in Florence, and over the whole country, was so great that two depots had been opened in that city, and neither the one nor the other had been interfered with by the government; and privately there had been every encouragement given for the establishment of such things. They had also established two schools, one for the boys, and another for the girls; and this was the most important branch of their work, as all who saw the latter considered that they would have much more success with the rising than with the adult generation. They employed a number of colporters, and they had several gratifying instances of the blessings which had attended the circulation of the Bible. The colporters met with no opposition from the people, but only from people dressed in a little brief authority, such as the prefects and the delegates. He alluded with regret to the divisions which existed in the Protestant church at Florence, which had done a great deal to retard its progress, and recommended that a church on a Presbyterian basis, with elders, deacons, and evangelists, had been established. The statement was listened to with great interest by a numerous audience."

MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH REGISTER.

ALLEN—The pastoral relation between Rev. R. H. Allen and the First Presbyterian church of Lafayette is dissolved, at the request of Mr. Allen and with the consent of the congregation.

BOYD—Prof. Boyd has retired from the Female Seminary at Pittsfield.

BURT—Rev. N. C. Burt of Baltimore has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Seventh Presbyterian church, Cincinnati, formerly filled by Dr. William M. Scott.

CANFIELD—Rev. Chas. T. Canfield, a graduate of the Divinity School of Cambridge, some five years ago, and who has since preached in the Western states, has accepted the call of the First Congregational (Unitarian) society in Uxbridge.

CANFIELD—Rev. T. H. Canfield has been dismissed by advice of a council from the pastorate of the Congregational church in Belleview, Iowa, and has accepted a call to the N.-S. Presbyterian church of Kossuth, Iowa, the seat of the Yellow Springs College.

CAREY—Rev. J. E. Carey of Peoria, Ill., has received a unanimous call to the First Presbyterian church of Keokuk, Iowa.

COXE—Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., rector of Grace church, Baltimore, and formerly rector of St. John's church at Hartford, has been unanimously elected President of Trinity College in the latter city, vice Rev. Dr. Goodwin, resigned.

CRANE—Rev. Wm. C. Crane, President and Professor of Moral Philosophy at Mount Lebanon University, Louisiana, has recently been made Doctor of Divinity by Howard College, Marion, Ala.

CRITTENDEN—Mr. R. Crittenden was ordained as pastor of the church in North Guilford on the 1st inst. The sermon was preached by Rev. Burdett Hart of the First church in Fair Haven, from 1 Cor. i. 17, 18.

DOANE—Rev. H. Doane of Norwich, Chenango co., N. Y., has resigned his pastoral relation to the Congregational church.

EDDY—At a meeting of the Park Presbyterian church and congregation, on Wednesday evening of last week, for the election of a pastor, a unanimous call was tendered to Rev. Dr. Zachary Eddy of Northampton, Mass.—*Newark Sentinel.*

FRANCIS—Rev. J. Francis has accepted an appointment as agent for Missouri of the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

GOER—Rev. D. Gore has decided to remove from Sycamore, where he has for seven years preached to the Congregational church.

GREGG—Rev. Hiram Gregg, late of Baraboo, Wis., has removed to Dayton, Ohio.

HAMLIN—Letters from Constantinople, received at Bethel, Me., state that Rev. Dr. Hamlin, the esteemed and highly honored missionary, will shortly revisit his native country. He was to leave Constantinople July 14th. He is a brother of the Republican candidate for Vice-President.

HEDGES—Rev. Charles E. Hedges died at Mayesville, Cal., July 10th, aged twenty-four years. He was a native of Chester, Morris co., N. J. He graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1855, and from the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1858.

HOMES—Rev. M. W. Homes has closed his labors at Phelps and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Romulus, N. Y.

JENKINS—Rev. Warren Jenkins has been appointed to the chaplaincy of the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, in place of Rev. Lorenzo Grainer, resigned. He was licensed by Franklin Presbytery in 1855.

JESSUP—Rev. Samuel Jessup of Orange co., N. Y., has accepted a call from the Presbyterian church of Dansville, Livingston co.

JOHNSON—R. M. Johnson, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Georgia, has resigned the position which he has so honorably and so satisfactorily filled for the past few years.

KIMBALL—Rev. James Kimball, pastor of the Congregational church in Oakham, has signified his intention to resign the active duties of his ministry in October next. He will complete at that time the twenty-eighth year of his services as a religious teacher.

LOGAN—Rev. J. V. Logan, son of the late Rev. James H. Logan, and a member of the last graduating class at Danville, has received and accepted a call to become the pastor of the church in Harrodsburg, Ky.

LORING—Rev. Mr. Loring, lately of Yarmouth, Me., has been invited to labor as stated supply of the Congregational church of Manchester, Iowa.

MARSHALL—Rev. Lyman Marshall, for four years past city missionary and pastor of the Christian Mission church in Manchester, N. H., has accepted the unanimous call of the First Congregational church and society in Greenfield, N. H.

MATTHEWS—Henry Mason Matthews of Lewisburg, Va., has been appointed Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages at the Alleghany College, Blue Sulphur Springs, Va.

MCILVAINE—Rev. Dr. J. H. McIlvaine has accepted the appointment to the Professorship of Belles-Lettres in the College of New Jersey.

MCILVAINE—Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D., of the First Presbyterian church, Rochester, N. Y., having accepted the appointment to a Professorship in Princeton College, has resigned his office as pastor.

MCNEILLY—Rev. James H. McNeilly has accepted an invitation to supply the New Bethel church.

MONTEITH—Rev. John Monteith, Jr., was, at his own request, dismissed as pastor of the Congregational church in Terryville, by a council convened at that place July 31.

MOORE—Rev. W. H. Moore has taken charge of the church of Reading, Hamilton co., Ohio.

MORRIS—Rev. H. W. Morris of Little Falls, N. Y., desires correspondence addressed to Farmersville, Pulaski co., Ind.

PERKINS—The First church of Christ in Galesburg, Ill., have given a unanimous call to Rev. F. T. Perkins of Williamsburg, Mass., to become their pastor, on a salary of $1,200.

PHILLIPS—Rev. James M. Phillips, late pastor of the Presbyterian church in Cedar Falls, Ia., has been engaged to officiate in the Congregational church, Williamsburg, Mass.

POMROY—*The Portland Transcript* announces that Rev. Dr. Pomroy has been invited by the leading citizens of Bethel to deliver in that town a course of lectures on the Holy Land, embodying his recollections of travel in Palestine.

RIDLEY—Rev. Dr. Ridley has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, Clarkesville, and accepted the Presidency of the University of East Tennessee.

SAUNDERS—Rev. Miles Saunders has received an invitation to supply the church at Springfield, Ky.

SCUDDER—Rev. Henry M. Scudder has declined the call lately given to him by the Fifth church of Cincinnati.

SEELEY—Rev. R. H. Seeley was installed over the North Congregational church at Haverhill, August 8th, Prof. Shedd of Andover preaching the sermon.

SHAW—Rev. J. B. Shaw, Buskirk's Bridge, Classis of Saratoga, has accepted a unanimous call from the Presbyterian church of Stephentown.

SHOTWELL—Rev. Albert Shotwell's post-office address has been changed from Charleston, Texas, to Georgiaville, Lamar county, Texas.

WATTS—Rev. J. Watts has decided to give up the charge of the Congregational church in Dunleith.

WHITE—Rev. Thomas Ward White is preaching for Rev. T. V. Moore, D.D., Richmond, Va., during the summer.

WILLARD—Rev. Livingston Willard has removed from Sparta, N. J., to Port Jervis, N. Y.

WINDSOR—Rev. John H. Windsor, lately of St. Charles, Floyd co., Iowa, has accepted a call to the Congregational church in Marion, Linn co., Iowa.

Literary Record.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MACKINAW—"Old Mackinaw; or, the Fortress of the Lakes, and its Surroundings." By W. P. Strickland. 12mo, pp. 404. Published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

LATIN—"A New System of Latin Paradigms, with a Synopsis of Declensions." By Cortland Saunders, Associate Principal of Saunders's Institute, Philadelphia. Long 8vo, pp. . Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. Is adapted to any Latin grammar.

HINDOO—"A Talk with the Ganges; or, an Epithalamium on the First Hindoo Widow-Marriage." By Mrs. Ellen B. Mason of Burmah. With a colored picture of the Goddess of the Ganges. Published for the author by Anson D. F. Randolph, 683 Broadway. Price 25 cents. We recommend this goddess to all the children who read *The Independent*, and to all ladies in particular. Mrs. Mason pleads feelingly for the wretched Hindoo and Burmese women, and truly their suffering, degradation, and future prospects ought to awaken a responsive chord in the heart of every Christian woman in this land.

HASTINGS—"Hastings's Church Music; or, Musical Compositions for Devotional Use in Choirs, Congregations, Families, and Religious Circles, selected from various publications, and carefully revised." By Thomas Hastings, Doctor of Music. Long 8vo, pp. 304. Published by Mason Brothers, New York; Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; J. B. Lippincott & Co., and E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia; W. B. Smith & Co., Cincinnati; and Root & Cady, Chicago. We are glad this honored and devoted servant of the churches has been spared to gather and revise the rich products of his forty years' labors in the cause of devotional sacred music. Nearly two hundred and fifty pieces of Dr. Hastings's composition, contained in this volume, attest by their number the productiveness of his invention, by their quality the chasteness of his taste, and by the well-settled popularity of many of them the good progress of musical culture which forty years of faithful effort have accomplished.

STREET—"Woods and Waters; or, the Saranac and the Racket. With Map of the Route, and nine illustrations on wood." By Alfred B. Street. 12mo, pp. 345. Excellent and seasonable. Published by M. Doolady, No. 49 Walker street, New York.

ENCYCLOPEDIA—"The New American Cyclopedia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge." Volume X. Jerusalem—Macferrin. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Large 8vo, double columns, pp. 788. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York and London.

HITCHCOCK—"Elementary Anatomy and Physiology. For Colleges, Academies, and other Schools." By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., of Amherst College; and Edward Hitchcock, Jr., M.D., of Williston Seminary. Revised Edition. 12mo, pp. 443. Published by Ivison, Phinney & Co., New York; C. S. Griggs & Co., Chicago, and others.

MISS HARLAND—"Nemesis." By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," etc. 12mo, pp. 499. Published by Derby & Jackson, 498 Broadway. "The mills of the gods grind slowly."

HOT—"The Ebony Idol." 12mo, pp. 283. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway.

PROF. BUSH—Mr. Otis Clapp of Boston has nearly ready for the public a memoir of the late Rev. George Bush.

BRISTED—Charles Astor Bristed is writing his "Reminiscences of American College Life" for *The Macmillan Magazine. The London Critic* speaks of it in high praise.

BRECKINRIDGE ON SLAVERY—Two calls—one from Kentucky and another from Indiana—have been made, through the columns of *The Presbyterian Herald*, for the republication of Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge's letters and essays on the subject of slavery.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OVERBECK, the German painter, now in his 71st year, has recently celebrated, in ex-King Louis's Villa Maltese, the 50th anniversary of his residence in Rome, on which occasion the cross of Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph was conferred on him by the Emperor of Austria.

HUMBOLDT'S library will be sold at auction Sept. 17th, next. Many orders have already been received from the United States.

WINTERHALTER is preparing a picture of the recent Congress of Sovereigns at Baden-Baden.

THE Palatine Library of Florence contains a likeness of Dante, which represents him at the time of his ripe manhood, and which is ascribed to Giotto. It will soon be published, together with the collection of MSS. of that library, and Verfetti is lithographing the portrait.

NAPOLEON III.'s "Life of Julius Cæsar" is now in course of publication. The Emperor of the French shares the theories of the historian Mommsen in regard to the democratic principles of the Roman conqueror.

THE widow of the Flemish poet Van Duyse has received the prize of $1,000 awarded to her husband's poem of Jakob von Arteveide.

BURMEISTER has recently returned to Halle, from his four years' exploration in South America, with immense zoological and paleontological collections.

A SUPERB original edition of the works of Frederic the Great has recently been discovered.

THE Russian traveler Valikanoff, son of a Kirgheese sultan, has penetrated into the district of Kashgar, where one of the brothers Schlagentweit lost his life, and has ascertained that Kashgar is now again under the rule of China, from which it had seceded for some time.

MR. HENRY WARD POOL of South Danvers has been appointed astronomical observer at the Dudley Observatory in Albany, N. Y. He succeeds Mr. Sontag, who goes with Dr. Hayes, as astronomer, on his Arctic voyage.

THE History of the Town of Harwinton, by Rev. R. M. Chipman, is now in press, and will be issued soon.

The Gentleman's Magazine has just entered upon its two hundred and ninth volume.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY, the well-known *litterateur* and art-critic, is engaged on a biography of the painter Tur

THE INDEPENDENT.

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The Independent.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1860.

THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN.

That there is in the New Testament the doctrine of a divine life in the renovated soul, that such a life is the promised fruit of regeneration, that the indwelling of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, and of the Father, is a blessing pledged to believers by the covenant of redemption,—this much at least may be assumed as a part of the common faith of Christendom. What that life is in form and manifestation, how we may come to the consciousness of it within ourselves, how nourish and develop it, all this has been matter of discussion and even of controversy among teachers and sections in the household of faith. The belief in such a life with a yearning after it, has manifested itself in various and even opposite forms of asceticism, mysticism, quietism, enthusiasm, and in various doctrines of perfectionism, assurance, sanctification, antinomianism.

Of late years there has been a steady and remarkable, though usually quiet movement, among Christians, toward some higher and more positive experience of this divine life in the soul. In many places weekly conferences of Christians are held for mutual instruction and encouragement in experimental piety. The preaching of many pulpits is characterized by an increased spirituality of tone and a special reference to the edification of believers. Much of our religious literature has shown the same tendency—and the popularity of such works as Upham's "Interior Life," Boardman's "Higher Life," etc., is an evidence of the yearning of Christians after the highest types of religious experience.

We hail these symptoms of the cultivation of the inner life of godliness as a favorable sign of the power of the Holy Spirit in the churches, and as a healthy reaction against modern tendencies toward an intense externality in religion and an extreme rationalism in doctrine. But we must be careful not to mistake such indications alone for an increase of spirituality, and must guard against fanciful or fantastic notions as to the experience in question.

It strikes us that there underlies most theories of the divine life in the soul the common error of regarding this as some *specialty* of Christian experience, to be sought by peculiar methods, and attained by the favored few. But the New Testament doctrine is that this is the *normal* state of the regenerated soul. When any soul really accepts Christ by faith, Christ enters into that soul to abide by his Spirit as its very life. The new life which it begins is a life from God and in God; and to keep this alive by prayer and devout meditation and holy living, is to have the life of God. Much will be gained in spirituality by all Christians, when they come to understand that this life of God in them is no peculiar experience to be distinguished from their first experiences in regeneration as "the higher life," the "interior life," etc., but is the simple everyday communing with God, and the simple everyday walking in faith, which belong to the very essence of the Christian life, and that if these be not cherished, one has only a name to live while he is dead.

We need, therefore, to come to just views of the supernatural power and vitality of the Holy Spirit as intermingling with all our proper Christian experiences; and so to live that we "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption." We need to cherish just and Scriptural views of prayer as always implying and involving this supernatural element—the Spirit making intercession for us.

The American Baptist calls special attention to the editorial in *The Independent* of August 9th, upon "the prayer of faith," as being a very sober and judicious view of the supernatural in Christianity as connected with prayer. *The Baptist* itself devotes an able leader to the discussion of "the supernatural in religion." When once—to use a solecism—we come to realize the naturalness of the supernatural, and to make the thought of God's presence and the Spirit's co-operation with us, natural to our minds, we shall come to the realization of the divine life within us as the only life possible to our souls.

Of all the books published in recent years with a view to promote personal holiness, we most value and admire Dr. Bushnell's "Sermons of the New Life," and this because they were not prepared to set forth any particular theory of sanctification, but themselves embody the divine life in tangible forms of experience and action. A late English journal says of these sermons, with entire justice:

"In this volume we have none of the speculations which have made his 'God in Christ' to be severely criticised; but we have a Christian preacher dealing with some of the profoundest themes of Christian experience, with an insight into the working of the human soul, a grasp and breadth of thought, and a depth of experience, such as we have never seen equaled. The theology of these sermons is drawn from the Bible, but it is no bald repetition of sacred words. The truth has been lived, and it comes forth from the treasures of the preacher's experience with the glow of life in it. The soul of the reader of this volume comes into vital contact with another soul, which has reflected deeply and earnestly in life's great problems, has suffered in life's struggles, and found a healing balm in Christ's work, and repose in communion with God; and then comes forth to impart its own bliss. The style is suitable to the matter, clear, calm, rich, and free, there is no rhetorical bombast, no unnatural straining after eloquence, or ambitious exhibition of gorgeous fancies. Dr. Bushnell is eloquent because his thoughts breathe, and a life of great depth and energy speaks through all. We predict for this volume a wide-spread and enduring popularity with all thoughtful souls of all denominations."

This testimony will be responded to by many who have read these sermons with great personal profit and delight. If we would attain to a high consciousness of the life of God within us, we must not seek after this objectively or theoretically, but live the life of faith.

The Christian Advocate and Journal has some remarks on holiness, which, notwithstanding a slight vein of Methodistical theology, are worthy of special thought in view of what we have now said:

"One of the most significant and promising signs of the times in the religious world is the marked and unmistakable awakening that is spreading silently but rapidly through all branches of the Protestant Church on the subject of deeper experience in the things of God. The Christian press cannot be faithful to its trust without rejoicing over the progress of this work. Nay, it should lend its whole strength to help the movement onward, with no reference to partisan names or denominational peculiarities. That the whole tenor of description, and the whole testimony and experience of the Primitive Church, teach and enforce both the possibility and the necessity of salvation from sin, no intelligent and devout Christian can doubt. The opposite conclusion cannot be held for a moment without depriving Christianity of the very element that constitutes its distinctive vitality, and sweeping away the very foundations of experimental religion. The first complete step in salvation, after forgiveness which pardons past sins, must necessarily be deliverance from sin, and the soul that is not saved from sin is not saved. The root of sin must be extirpated from the heart, the dominion of sin over the will must be broken, the merit of Christ's purity and the Holy Spirit's working must be enjoyed by the believer, and Jesus Christ must become personally to each 'the Lord, our Righteousness.'

"It is of minor importance by what particular appellation this work be called, whether 'Perfect Love,' 'Full Assurance of Faith,' 'Sanctification,' 'Holiness,' or other terms that are used; the same thing is meant by all and felt by all. A deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost, greater holiness of life, and more successful labor for souls, are in every instance the results of a genuine experience, preceded by the self-renunciation and consecration which the Word of God requires, and the Spirit of Christ leads to and illustrates. That this mighty deepening of religious experience is now transpiring in the churches, both in this country and in Protestant Europe, one needs but an honest look to be convinced."

THE QUESTION OF MANHOOD.

Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin struck an important vein when he said that the negro question is even greater than the question of slavery. We should not agree with him in the form of his proposition, but our conflict with slavery convinces us more and more that the question of the essential manhood of the negro and the position due to the African race, underlies the whole discussion. There are many who oppose slavery in words and as they think sincerely, who are slow to acknowledge practically that the negro is a man. There are many at the South and at the North who would gladly take some immediate steps toward the emancipation of the slaves, if they could see what disposition to make of four millions of freed Africans, whom at heart they would not be willing to recognize as men.

It strikes us, however, that the social degradation of the free negro and the virtual denial of his manhood, grow out of the fact that his race is enslaved. The English looked with contempt upon the Italians so long as they were under the heel of Austria; but since of late years the Italians have proved themselves capable of freedom, the contempt of the English has given place to sympathy and admiration. If the Germans were an enslaved people in the West, all men of that nationality throughout the country would feel the stigma of their degradation. Let slavery be abolished, and the question of race would be far less formidable than it appears. There is an immediate solution to the problem of emancipation without bloodshed or peril of any sort; and that is in the one little but weighty word WAGES. As soon as the negro throughout the country was placed upon the footing of a man working for wages, the details of social equality would adjust themselves, just as they do in the case of Irish laborers or any other class. As for amalgamation, emancipation, instead of inducing this, would cure what is now one of the worst afflictions of Southern society. At all events, that would be simply a matter of taste, and no more the result of brutal vice subduing defenseless virtue.

But the African race unecerced, either by legislation or by social ostracism—left to the simple laws of climate and of emigration—would naturally gravitate toward the tropics or the African continent. Left to themselves as men, they would solve the questions of social equality and amalgamation. We demand the abolition of slavery, because *the negro is a man*. We demand it in the name of that humanity which God has given him, in common with us all. The abolition of slavery accomplished, all practical questions connected with the social and political *status* of the negro race will lose much of their perplexity and will gradually adjust themselves. But meantime, those who labor for the abolition of slavery must see to it that they carry out in all fairness the doctrine of the manhood of the negro which underlies their demand for his emancipation. They at least, in heart and in life, must rid themselves of the odious spirit of caste, and must treat the negro precisely as they treat all other persons—that is, without suffering color to create a special distinction either *for* or *against* him.

We are glad to see that this question is exciting the attention of our British brethren. *The London Patriot*, in commenting upon the recent attempts to establish a negro caste in the Cunard steam-ships, and the Victoria chapels, makes the following just remarks upon the subject of this article:

"There are very significant signs that this question—the admission of the black race to social equality with the white—is becoming no longer an American, but a world-wide question. Indeed, it is not long since, in the Louvre Hotel, at Paris, the same difficulty turned up in a very painful way. Emancipation has been nobly accomplished. It cost us more than words. We took upon ourselves a heavy burden through our strong sense of what righteousness demanded of us in this matter, and gave an example of which there are not many parallels in the history of the world. So far all was well done. Our colonies have suffered grevious depression, be the causes what they may; but we have never repented for one moment that great act of emancipation; if it had to be done over again, it would be done heartily, even at a far higher cost. But a further question now opens on us—that it is becoming not a speculation, but a very practical matter with us in a hundred ways—how much does the assertion that a negro is 'a man and a brother' practically mean? It is a very fine sentence on paper; it draws, or used to draw down thunders of applause at popular meetings; but does it mean what it seems to mean in familiar, practical life? Negro *gentlemen* and negro *ladies* are to be met with in abundance in our colonial possessions, and there are not a few of that class in England. Nor are the terms mere terms of courtesy. Dr. Delany, for instance, is as black as a coal, but he is a thoroughly educated man, he bears a diploma, he is an excellent public speaker, and he is capable of rendering important public services to his country and to mankind. What is the status of such men to be? Now, it is one thing to make a pet of a stray gentleman or lady of color of high talent or interesting history, to invite them to public demonstrations, dine them at a Duke's table, and perhaps get them presented to the Queen; it is another to give them *carte blanche* to travel through our empire, the acknowledged social equals of all whose talent, culture, or fortune may be of the same level with their own. This position, with all our professions, is not yet won for them. On board a British mail-ship they cannot dine in the state-cabin, and even in our new colony it would seem that they cannot worship in the same pew with their 'brethren' in white. And yet it is our work that they are here at all, and their elevation in the scale of culture and courtesy is the inevitable result of that great act to which we look back so proudly, and which we regard as one of the brightest achievements in our history. It is proved quite conclusively that the intellect of the negro is capable of a very high cultivation, while there is a native courtesy about the race which, as a race, we might imitate with profit. * * * * * * We claim for them that the man-and-brother theory shall be acted out manfully, where all theories are exposed to the severest test—at home. In our private society, in our congresses and associations, in our railways and steam-packets, and, above all, in our churches, through our broad empire, let there be neither black not white, as there is neither bond nor free, but let all be one. We are persuaded that a firm course on our part would react most favorably on the condition and prospects of the colored race in America. While we, as a people, give an uncertain sound about this great matter, there is no hope of any progress of public opinion in the United States; but, if we are true to the brave words, 'A man's a man for a' that,' in our domestic and public life, we shall achieve a second and grander emancipation for the great race to which God seems to have committed the future of the tropical belt of the world."

Another Holocaust.—They occasionally burn a negro at the South, it seems. *The Augusta* (Ga.) *Dispatch* of the 11th inst. has the following paragraph:

"We learn this morning that a negro boy who had killed a white man was burned at the stake at the above-named place. Twelve persons took him from the Sheriff's custody, giving bonds for his re-delivery, after which they tried, sentenced, and exected the murderer, returning his ashes to the officer."

OUR DUTIES TO SYRIA.

The Druse-Maronite war in Syria imposes upon Americans two classes of duties—individual offices of charity for the relief of the distressed natives, and adequate governmental protection for American missionaries and travelers in that country, and for all who may place themselves under the American flag.

The Syrian Committee appointed in this city last week have it in charge to further both these ends; the first by soliciting supplies for the perishing in Syria, the second by memorializing the Federal Government to make suitable provision for the security of American interests in that country. It is important to the success of both these movements, that they should be placed before the people intelligently, and should rest upon grounds which are strictly tenable.

As to the first, it is in no sense an appeal to our *Christian* sympathies for the families of martyrs, or for those who have suffered persecution in any way for the sake of the Gospel. It is not even like the Italian appeal, a call for sympathy with a people struggling for their dearest rights, or crushed by foreign oppressors. It is simply an appeal to our *humanity* in behalf of families bereaved, destitute, perishing—who have just escaped the horrors of war to encounter the horrors of famine. It is one of the most touching and earnest appeals that have ever come to us from any land, and we are sure that the generosity which Americans have shown to Greece, to Madeira, to Ireland, in times of distress, will be more than renewed in this day of calamity and terror for Syria.

Our land is now filled with plenty. God has prospered us upon every hand. We have peace, security, wealth, enterprise. Let our swiftest steamers go laden with supplies to save those whose homes are destroyed, whose land is laid waste, whose natural protectors have fallen in war, or been butchered before their eyes, and who have neither food nor clothing nor the means of procuring them. The case requires most prompt and energetic action. Let no one wait for another, but let each come forward at once with his own offering, and use his influence to enlist others in this service of humanity.

But while with no backward nor stinted hand we relieve the perishing in Syria, we must not be misled by the cry of religious persecution, or the "massacre of Christians," into sympathy with French and Russian schemes for a Protectorate over Syria that would soon exterminate evangelical religion and missionary laborers from the country. The Maronites are ignorant and bigoted adherents of the *Latin* or Papal church. They have been violent opposers of American missionary influence in Syria. A few years ago they attempted by an armed force to break up the Protestant community at Hasbeiya. The "Bible men," as the Protestant converts are styled, have been excommunicated and accursed by the Maronite ecclesiastics, and the people have been called upon to "rise up and expel those devils from all their coast."

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, who is evidently well-informed upon the state of affairs in the East, gives the following facts to illustrate the spirit of the Maronites:

"In 1830, the Maronite Bishop of Beyrout, the most learned and influential of all the Lebanon bishops, published a book (now lying before the writer) in which he asserts that every baptized person (and baptism by heretics is acknowledged valid) is, by virtue of his baptism, brought under the lawful authority of the Church of Rome, and that all who resist this authority the Church 'IS BOUND *to punish with ecclesiastical pains and penalties, and to deliver such as are incorrigible into the hands of the civil power to be punished* WITH DEATH! and consequently she has a right to enforce obedience BY ANY PUNISHMENT WHATEVER.' Moreover, to show that this right and duty were not a mere abstraction, the chief patriarch of the mountains, at the very time of the publication of the bishop's book, was holding one of his own people, who had become a Bible man, chained in a dungeon, in the convent of his residence. The 'spiritual pains and penalties' inflicted on him were such that, after three years' suffering, he died under them, praying to his latest breath for his enemies, and for the enlightenment of his nation.

"Still further to illustrate the spirit of Mt. Lebanon Christianity, and especially the zeal of it against the Druses, here is a military dispatch from a bishop of Zahleh, (just now destroyed,) sent to his faithful warriors during their last previous war with their Druse neighbors:

"'We understand that you have been helped to victory over the insolent, infidel enemy of the holy faith, which victory was by the favor of God Most High, and *by the intercession of his mother*. We praise to the highest degree your zeal, only you have been faulty in not burning the village of Merista. The entire correct course was to have burned it. Hereafter, take good heed, if victorious, not to stop short of burning, and entire destruction. Our only caution is, do no injury to the women. Aside from this, burn, kill, plunder—hesitate at nothing whatever. This is a holy war. Go on; fear nothing; and we pray the Father of Lights to give you the victory.'"

This bigoted, vindictive, merciless set aspire to the rule of Lebanon. Of late years, encouraged by French influence and protection, they have grown arrogant and have attempted to cast off the yoke of fendal allegiance to the Druses. For many months past, the Druse-Maronite region of Southern Lebanon has been agitated by assassination and *emeutes*, in which both parties have been by turns the aggressors and the sufferers. The Druses, with all their barbarity, have only done what the Maronites themselves would have done had they been successful in a war which they seem to have provoked.

We repeat it, then, that these suffering people have no special claim upon us by reason of their having been baptized in the Christian name, nor would the cause of Christianity in the East have suffered even by their total extermination. They are a very different sort of Christians from the Nestorians and the Armenians. But their claim upon our humanity should not be modified in the least by the thought of their own bigoted and persecuting spirit. Indeed the timely expression of our sympathy for these poor, misguided, and now suffering people, may help them to a better understanding of Christianity than they have ever gained from their priests. Our charity should flow to all without distinction of sect, or color, or name, or nation.

But while the ecclesiastical relations and spirit of the Maronites should not hinder the outflow of our charity to the sufferers in Syria, it should materially affect our judgment as to the proposed French Protectorate in that country. It is worthy of note that notwithstanding the grounds of jealousy and hatred which the Pope has toward Napoleon, Pius IX. has invoked a special benediction upon the Syrian expedition of the French Emperor. The whole movement is a piece of French and Papal intrigue.

Our esteemed missionary friend, Dr. Perkins of Oroomiah, sends us the following communication, embodying an intelligent English view of the troubles in Syria:

CHICOPEE, MASS., Aug. 14, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The articles in *The Independent* on the troubles in Syria having interested me by the justness of their leading views, I am prompted to send you a brief extract of a letter just received from an English clergyman, who is very familiar with this whole subject. While all must deeply deplore the blood shed in Syria, and earnestly pray for its immediate cessation, truth is always better than error, and it is well, in this case, to know who were the aggressors, and what are the probable designs of France in "*the mission of humanity*" on which she so eagerly embarks.

EXTRACT.

"LONDON, July 25, 1860.

"Alas for Syria! what weeping, and wailing, and bloodshed, and disaster! These intriguing French, by their arrogant Consuls and their Jesuit emissaries and schools, have been so inflaming their Maronite proteges with expectations of their speedily occupying the whole of Syria, that the Maronites bearded both Pasha and officials of the Turks, and the Sheikhs and threats of the Druses, their hereditary foes. At length the Turks could bear it no longer, and told the Druses to knock them down, and they would stand by and not hinder their defeat. But when this was done, and plunder was in their grasp, the Turkish soldiery, without pay for two years, could not resist sharing the spoil and shedding blood also.

"But alas! see the consequence. The pretext for sole intervention with armed force France got thereby. Already, on her own account, the *Moniteur* says, troops, 20,000, are sent to Syria, on the lying plea of 'her mission of humanity,' and also that the troops sent by the Sultan, 16,000, under Fuad Pasha, are not to be relied on to punish Druses and Moslems.

"Our Government, applied to for concurrence, would not join, and could not prevent what France had done before asking; and now once in, we shall see how quickly France will rally round her standard all the Roman Catholic populations of Syria. These will be induced, by *bribes and threats, to vote by universal suffrage* (conveniently in French fashion) first the *protectorate* of France, as at Algiers and Rome, followed by possession or annexation.

"Well, God is overruling those potsherds of the earth. Let us pray for his Spirit, by whose breath they who oppose Messiah's kingdom can be withered in a night; while all who seek his glory can be preserved, prospered, and made to overcome."

In view of past experience in the East, we may hope that all these commotions and butcheries, so terrible in their occurrence, will be overruled of the Lord for the more rapid and effectual progress of the Gospel. For this let the churches pray.

Very truly yours, J. PERKINS.

The London Patriot takes a similar view of the French scheme in Syria, and of the way in which England is likely to be inveigled into its support:

"For the present emergency the English and French Governments have agreed to act together, and possibly when the pressure of the hour is past, we shall be invited to act with the Emperor still, and agree upon a partition of a country which it is out of the power of its present possessor to rule. Here, however, it is impossible we should keep company with our neighbors. They have religious sympathies with a portion of the population; we have none—they have political ends to gain by a footing in Syria, we have none. Humanity alone now calls upon us to interfere. The 'Christians' of this region, as we explained last week, have nothing but the name in common with our Christianity, and we have no Propaganda to serve by pushing our influence. But with France this is a settled policy; and if we will not share the land with her, Russia is ready enough to do so. This we cannot permit, and notwithstanding that all our painful and expensive efforts to bolster up the Porte have seemed to result in its greater weakness, that must still be our policy, if there is any chance of keeping the countries under its sway from falling into utter anarchy. But we have introduced just so much of civilization and good manners into Constantinople that there is no chance of Abdul Medjid being strangled, and so long as this feeble, brainless sensualist is Sultan, vigor in the administration of his realm is impossible. It is no reproach upon British statesmen that they have not discovered a safe solution for this great political problem, but the purposes of heaven about that remarkable country, which has so often influenced the destinies of the world, seem wrapped in more than ordinary mystery, and it will be wise in us to stand by and meddle as little as possible."

We trust that England will "stand by" with a well-manned fleet to prevent the violent dismemberment of Turkey by the rapacity of Russia and France. Woe worth the day for freedom, civilization, and Christianity in the East, when England shall abandon Turkey to the rule of the Papal or the Greek Church enforced from Paris or from Moscow.

The position and policy of our Government forbid any active participation in the internal affairs of other nations. We cannot become a party to a foreign protectorate over Syria. The Committee who are to memorialize the Government on Syrian affairs, should be very careful not to ask for an intervention which might be a precedent hereafter either for filibusters in behalf of Mexico, or for abolitionists in behalf of Cuba. But as we have often insisted of late, the time has fully come for the United States to keep upon the coast of Syria a naval representative who shall protect the persons and property of Americans with the promptness and energy, and the salutary effect, with which Commander Ingraham maintained the honor of our Flag at Smyrna.

HOW TO BUY DEFEAT.

If any persons professing to be Republicans are very confident of success, and at the same time are really desirous to bring about the defeat of their own candidates, and are willing to pay freely for that result, we can tell them how they can do it. Let them show their confidence by betting that Lincoln and Hamlin will be elected. Let them bet largely and boldly—two to one against Breckinridge—three to one against Douglas—four to one against Bell. Let them take up every political gambler that challenges them to that "game of brag," and let the rage for betting spread till some hundreds of thousands of dollars are staked upon the result; and the defeat of the candidates so wisely nominated at Chicago, will be sure.

To explain the *rationale* of this advice, we transfer to our own columns a passage from an article on "the Crime against the Right of Suffrage" in *The New Englander* for May last:

"There is an intrinsic immorality in such wagers. The transaction is not of the nature of insurance, but purely of the nature of gambling. All the principles which evince the intrinsic immorality of betting on a horse-race, on a cock-fight, on the throwing of dice, on any game of chance or skill, evince the immorality of betting on the result of an election. But this is not all. Every man who makes a wager on the result of a pending election, puts two persons at least—himself and the other party in the transaction—under a strong temptation to use, directly or indirectly, corrupt and fraudulent means of influencing the result. Whatever honor there may be among thieves, there is none among gamblers, save that which pays 'debts of honor' at the expense of honesty; and he is fit only to be plucked, who believes that a gambler will not cheat him if he can. The man whose moral principles are so infirm that he has yielded to temptation, and has hazarded his money on such a chance as this, will of course be tempted—and the probability is that he will be effectually tempted—to yield his connivance, at least, to measures and proceedings against which he would otherwise have protested with honest indignation.

"No honest man, who is tempted to show his confidence in the success of his party, by the offer or acceptance of a wager, should permit himself to forget, for one moment, how directly, and with what force of motive power, this widely tolerated practice operates to promote and procure the crime against the right of suffrage. If you offer any man a wager on a pending election—or what is the same thing, if you accept his offer of a wager—what is that you promise him? What is the nature of your contract with him? You have said to him, in effect, just this: 'Sir, there is a certain sum of money deposited in safe hands; if your party will manage to get votes enough into the ballot-boxes to carry your candidate into office over the candidate of my party, the money shall be yours.' The man with whom you have made such a contract is not likely to be overscrupulous in the use of means. He can afford to occupy his time—he can afford it, if the wager is large, to hire other men who shall employ their time and their well-tried skill in all the low and villainous arts by which the people are defrauded of the right to choose their own servants. And if the practiced criminals who infest great cities, and who, having made political knavery their specialty, know how to crowd false votes into the ballot-boxes in spite of every precaution—as practiced burglars know how to carry on their trade in spite of improved locks and the metropolitan police—can find men enough to promise them money in this way; they have a fund at their command, with which they can accomplish anything. Thus a party without one honest chance of success may sometimes be carried into power by the funds which the unprincipled, heedless, gambling avarice of its adversaries has placed at its disposal."

THE MARCH OF GARIBALDI.

What a hero Scott would find in the emancipator of Italy! Not Richard of the Lion-Heart exhibited more of personal courage combined with chivalric devotion to his cause, not Rob Roy himself had more of desperate valor, of daring enterprise, or was a greater terror to his foes. But the Italian crusader, so recently an outlaw, is superior to either, as a subject for some future Wizard of historical and heroic tales. A life whose every page reads like a romance of feudal times, is nevertheless a life of sober, calm determination toward one great practical end. There is nothing romantic in its aim; the sacred prize which Garibaldi would wrest from usurpers is the nationality and freedom of his own people. For this he has lived, and labored, and fought, and suffered, and is ready to die.

But he will not die till he shall have seen this great object of his life accomplished. A life so unselfish, so self-sacrificing, so devoted to the high and sacred interests of humanity, carries with it the charm of a divine preservation. The terror of his name and the achievements of his prowess, did as much as the army of France to rid Northern Italy of the Austrians. His name and prowess, unaided, have emancipated Sicily. All Europe looks on in admiration or in fear. No foreign power will or can oppose the steady march of Italian freedom under his lead. He will make himself master of Naples only to give the kingdom to the people; and he who in 1848-49 repulsed the French from Rome and maintained against desperate odds the order and freedom of the Roman republic, will ere long stand before the gates of that ancient capital of Italian freedom, to find them opened by an acclaiming people. Garibaldi has now proved himself as wise in counsel, as skillful in strategy, as he is honest in purpose and bold in execution. Some future Botta, writing the history of the Italian revolution, will place the name of Garibaldi where the Italian historian of American independence has reverently inscribed the name of Washington. Let the sympathies of Americans go forth to Italy in substantial testimonials of material aid. Let Christian hearts and hands be prompt to cast into the furrows of revolution the seeds of divine truth and life.

YALE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

In speaking of the exercises of Commencement week at Yale College, we alluded briefly to the new building for the accommodation of the Scientific School, and to the improved plan of study in that department. Many of our readers will be glad to obtain more definite information with regard to this School and its objects. The Scientific School, like the schools of Medicine, Theology, and Law at New Haven, though under the general direction of the College Corporation, and therefore a department of the University, is really a distinct institution from the College, being under its own Faculty and rules, and having no connection with the undergraduate course of academic instruction. Some of the Professors in the Scientific School are also Professors in the College, and the students in both attend certain courses of lectures in common. But the studies and recitations in the Scientific School are in no way under the direction of the College Faculty as such.

The objects of the projectors of this school were two-fold;—to provide a more thorough instruction in certain departments of science than the limits of the College course would allow, and to give opportunity to persons who do not wish to pursue the classical studies of the Academical Department, to perfect themselves in Chemistry, Engineering, or in some other branch of science as applied to the practical and industrial arts. There was danger, however, that persons of this class would lack that mental discipline which must be the foundation of all really useful study. To obviate this the regular course of instruction in the Scientific School will hereafter embrace three years; an examination in Mathematics and the rudiments of Latin and of Natural Philosophy will be required for admission, and the first year will be devoted to instruction in Mathematics and the Modern Languages, as a disciplinary preparation for the more specific scientific course. At the close of this year the students elect to enter either the philosophical or the engineering section of the school, and at the end of the course graduate with a degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) or of Civil Engineer (C.E.) This University Degree at once elevates the pursuits of applied physical science and of civil engineering to the rank of liberal professions; and the course required for the diploma insures in these professions a high degree of liberal culture as well as the knowledge of technical details.

We regard the organization of this school upon its present basis as a most important movement in the cause of general education. Hundreds of young men who cannot afford or do not desire a collegiate education, will gladly seek thorough instruction in metallurgy, mining, civil engineering, or some of the various branches of applied chemistry, departments in which knowledge is at once lucrative and honorable. The mining and agricultural interests of the country will be greatly benefited by such a school. In addition to the regular course of instruction in agricultural chemistry, there will be every year a popular course of agricultural lectures and discussions, like that of last February, which drew together so many experienced Agriculturists. The faculty of the Scientific department consists of seven professors besides assistants. The professorships are of the following branches: Geology and Natural History, Civil Engineering, General and Applied Chemistry, Mineralogy, Industrial Mechanics and Physics, Organic Chemistry, Agricultural Chemistry.

The Scientific School is furnished with valuable collections to illustrate its various departments. The Metallurgical department is already possessed of a large collection of metallic ores and furnace products. This collection is designed to illustrate the characters of metallic veins, and comprises full suites of ores of the most important metals, and collections of ores, fluxes, and furnace products, illustrating many of the most important metallurgical processes as practiced in Europe and this country. This collection already numbers several thousand specimens, and is constantly increasing. Besides these there is a collection of models of furnaces, as well as of plans, sections, etc.; of smelting apparatus; and a well-equipped metallurgical laboratory—offering great facilities for instruction in this department. Prof. Brush has also added to this collection by depositing for the use of the students of the institution his private cabinet of minerals. It contains some four thousand specimens; and for fullness in the number of species and completeness of the suites of the several species, is, for purposes of instruction, unsurpassed by any mineralogical collection in this country.

It will thus be seen that the Yale Scientific School is well equipped for every department of its work. We invite the special attention of young men desiring a useful education, to the facilities which are here afforded. We commend to the notice of agriculturists, manufacturers, and miners, a school so important to their respective interests. A New Haven paper gives the following description of the building provided for this school by the liberality of Joseph E. Sheffield of that city:

"The main or center building has been completely renovated from cellar to attic, little indeed remaining excepting the walls of the old Medical College. On the first floor there will be a general reception and reading room, provided with scientific and agricultural periodicals. The remainder of the first and second stories will be devoted to the Engineering Department. The entire third story is finished for a general lecture-room, which will seat from three to four hundred persons. To the center or main buildings a wing has been added on the west of 50x40, three stories including the high basement. The main floor is devoted to the chemical laboratory, and the library and apparatus rooms connected therewith; the basement to the metallurgical laboratory, and the second floor to a class lecture-room, private laboratories, and collections. A similar wing on the east, which has also been added to the building, will be occupied as a museum, and devoted mainly to collections illustrative of Agriculture, Mining, and Metallurgy.

"The whole interior is beautifully painted, the passages in encaustic painting, the large lecture-room, museum, and other principal apartments, with the exception of the laboratory, in fresco, with appropriate symbolic ornaments. The exterior of the building presents a fine appearance, and makes it an ornament to the city."

THAT NEGRO PEW.

The Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society of London begin to feel the pressure of public sentiment against their action on the negro pew question in Victoria. We felt sure that the healthy, vigorous anti-slavery sentiment of the Congregational churches would denounce the tortuous Nassau-street policy imitated by the managers in Bloomfield street. The Committee have yielded to that pressure, but our own experience with the tergiversations of Nassau street warns us, and we thereby warn our British brethren that such a Committee must be watched and held to a strict accountability.

At an anti-slavery meeting in London, on the 1st of August, Rev. T. James, Secretary of the Colonial Society, made a speech, in which he said:

"He must declare for himself that he would not continue to be the secretary of any society for an hour which should set up a distinction of race in its religious operations. (Cheers.) In the present case, Mr. Clarke, one of the missionaries at Vancouver's Island, had himself violated the principle of equality, for which he had contended, by providing a pew for white people, if they did not choose to sit with the blacks. The Committee, on being appealed to, gave no opinion on the matter, but they had written out to Mr. Macfie, who was charged with having set up a negro pew, to know if there was any truth in the statement. The Committee awaited his reply, and if they found that such a pew, or anything of the sort, had been set up, the funds of the Society would be no longer afforded to him. At a meeting of the Committee yesterday, the question was asked, 'If Mr. Macfie has set up a negro pew, will you continue to support him?' and the reply was, 'No, not for a moment.' (Loud cheers.) As a Society they had no right to interfere with the internal arrangements of any church that might be formed under the auspices of their agents, but if such churches resolved to have negro pews, the Committee had the right, and would exercise it, of withholding the supplies. (Cheers.) If the Committee had no other object in view but to sustain their operations, they would be perfect fools to go against the universal feeling of the country. (Cheers.)"

Much of this speech was applauded, it seems to us but a clever dodging of the whole question. Mr. Clarke's complaint against Mr. Macfie was not that he had set up a separate negro pew, but that when certain white colonists insisted that negroes should not sit in common with them in the meeting-house supported by the Colonial Society, Mr. Macfie took sides with them, and thus sanctioned the principle of a negro pew. The Secretary's speech does not meet that question. As *The Patriot* puts it, leaving both Mr. Clarke and Mr. Macfie out of view:

"The main point after all is, How did the Committee deal with the great question of the treatment of the negro race in the churches under their care? That is the matter about which the British public will care most, and on this the justification or condemnation of the Society will turn. It is with great pain that we record our conviction that the Committee have on this point expressed themselves with a vagueness and feebleness, which we are well assured by no means represents the feeling of the churches in England, and the views of the subscribers to the Society."

Then setting forth the ambiguous instructions of the Committee, *The Patriot* proceeds to say:

"We confine ourselves to their Resolutions, which, we think, give a dismally uncertain sound on a subject on which the voice of the British churches should ring like a clarion through the world. The Resolutions forwarded to the Colony state, in substance, that the matter in dispute was one of internal regulation, with which the Committee of the Society had nothing whatever to do. Now herein we think the Committee have been guilty of a grave error. We can understand that in the management of such a Society large discretion must be allowed to its agents. We can enter heartily into their view that it is desirable to be very careful in the choice of the men, and then to leave them very free to carry on their work. But some things must be regarded as fundamental. We suppose that the Committee would not support an Episcopate, if the churches in a colony thought it well to establish one. As little would the Committee tolerate the formal exclusion of the negro race from the chapels and preaching-stations under their charge. They would feel themselves called upon to interfere very promptly in either of these cases; and the necessity is quite as urgent in that which is under our consideration now. It is a vital question. 'The truth of the Gospel,' for which Paul stood at Jerusalem and Antioch, is at stake here. The Emancipation Act was carried by the force of the Christian element in England, and to the Church we have to look for the full recognition of the equality of the races in the sight of God, and of all who make God's law their guide. There ought to be no paltering with this principle on the part of an English Missionary Society. The Canadian churches, as the Committee know very well, have fought this battle manfully, and to them the present position of the black population in Canada is largely due. The Committee are grievously mistaken if they think that the churches in this country will endure any trimming policy about a matter so vital, involving the very first principles of Christian truth and liberty. They have sought peace in Victoria at a price which makes it worse than worthless; and we are convinced that they must retrace their steps, and utter their sentiments on this subject with unmistakable clearness, in harmony with the views of the Canadian churches, or they will forfeit the confidence of their constituents, and fall from the high place which they have hitherto sustained with honor among our Missionary Societies."

These sentiments are just and true, and must triumph in the end over all chicanery in the Committee. But let the principles be insisted on, and the Committee watched until this grave question shall be settled not only in the theoretical sentiment of the British people, but in the practice of the Colonial Missionary Society.

EMANCIPATION DAY IN LONDON.

The anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies was duly celebrated in London on the 12th of August. The most important proceeding of the day was a public meeting in the evening at Spa-Fields Chapel, in which Dr. Cheever had a conspicuous part. We gave last week the complimentary notice of his address which appeared in *The British Standard* of Aug. 3d. Dr. Cheever met with an enthusiastic reception; his address was able and brilliant; and the meeting was one of much interest and spirit for the cause of negro emancipation.

One or two features of the speech in introducing Dr. Cheever are worthy of special notice, as indications of the nature of the reception thus spontaneously accorded to him by British Christians. In the afternoon of the day, the London Emancipation Committee, in genuine English style, had presented to Dr. C. a hifalutin extravaganza called "an Address"—an overdoing of his own letter to Mr. Spurgeon—glorifying the Doctor to a degree that must have seemed ridiculous to himself, as if he were the only minister in the United States who had denounced slavery and the Fugitive-Slave Bill "from the Word of God as an outrage upon natural rights, and subversive of the fundamental principles of morality and religion!" In the evening, Rev. George Smith, the worthy and judicious Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in moving a resolution of welcome to Dr. Cheever, took pains to say:

"There was a portion of the resolution as it originally stood, which had reference to an address voted to their

to an ardent, true, and eloquent advocate of the abolition of slavery."

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Smith said also:

"He wished that the Doctor could remain longer with them than his engagements permitted, and that he had time to visit all the leading towns in the country, NOT TO GIVE A DETAIL OF PERSONAL WRONGS, but to instruct fully the public mind of the country on the present state of slavery in the States. * * * * With respect to the abolition of slavery in the United States, though he was not blind to the difficulties which lay in the path, he could not but hope that the courageous, persevering, and eloquent efforts of Dr. Cheever, *and the other advocates of abolition*, would ultimately, by the blessing of God, succeed.

"Rev. J. Stoughton seconded the resolution in a brief speech, warmly eulogistic of the zealous and enthusiastic efforts of Dr. Cheever. He tendered to Dr. Cheever a hearty welcome, *but he would not pledge himself to all the opinions and sentiments contained in the address voted that afternoon.*"

The veteran Dr. Campbell of *The British Standard* one of the ablest and stanchest advocates of the anti-slavery and any other good cause, was very careful to say that "Dr. Cheever was not the *only* abolitionist in the States;" and to speak in high terms of Dr. H. W. Beecher and other ministers in this country as efficient laborers in the same cause All this was said in the presence of Dr. C., and by way of introducing him to the meeting. It shows that whatever a few heady and extravagant men may say or do in England and Scotland, the intelligent and substantial anti-slavery Christians of Britain do not mean to become involved in the quarrels of a church three thousand miles away, nor to contribute to that church under the illusion that it is the forlorn hope of the anti-slavery cause in the United States! As *The Independent* has advised, they will "welcome Dr. Cheever as a man" whose services in the cause of anti-slavery and whose genius and ability entitle him to a cordial hearing; but it is evident that they will not join in defaming his brethren in the ministry, nor do they care to hear a tale of "personal wrongs" concerning which they have no means of forming a correct judgment. A modicum of common sense in the projectors of the "British-Aid Mission" would have saved Dr. C. the embarrassment of hearing such disclaimers as to the hifalutin address, his "peace wrongs," and what the London *Patriot* calls "a money-begging expedition," and would have left the way open for such a spontaneous testimonial to himself as *The Independent* has proposed. However, common sense in England seems likely to supply the deficiency of that commodity in the projectors aforesaid. There will be, as there ought to be, an enthusiastic welcome to Dr. Cheever for the sake of his strong and earnest services in the anti-slavery cause; there will be an abundance of applause in response to his stirring appeals;—but as to fifty thousand dollars for nobody knows what!—John Bull will clinch his pockets and demurely shake his head. So we read the English papers.

THE TEXAS EXCITEMENT.

WE have forborne to comment on the rumored slave insurrection in Texas, because there is no reliable evidence that any such state of things exists. No doubt somebody has a grand plot in Texas, for some purpose, but it is quite as likely to prove to be the plot of political adventurers and slaveholders for their own ends, as a plot of Abolitionists with slaves for their emancipation. It is quite likely that the violent proceedings in Texas against Methodist preachers and others suspected of abolitionism, have provoked retaliatory measures in individual cases. It is quite likely that here and there a slave, possibly instigated by white men, has attempted to gain his freedom by the murder of his master. But the stories of a combination of white men outside of Texas, or of a secret association within the state for the extermination of slaveholders by violence, and of slaves being furnished with arms and strychnine to execute this purpose, are the device of crafty politicians, the invention of credulity, or the exaggeration of fear. Those who remember the stories of slave insurrections that were started during the Fremont campaign, will not be surprised to find these revived with a view to defeat Mr. Lincoln's election. If there is any scheme of violent emancipation in Texas, we are sure that it is local in its origin and its agencies, and not the result of organization without the limits of the state.

No doubt the ghost of John Brown continually haunts the visions of slaveholders, and whatever may be the actual condition of things in Texas, the facility with which such rumors of insurrection are manufactured, and the wide credence which they gain, are an evidence of the volcanic state of society where slavery exists. The terror which such a rumor excites is a warning against the system of iniquity, and a prophecy of bloody retribution unless slavery shall be speedily abolished.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

WE invite attention to the appeal in another column in behalf of the American Missionary Association. Whatever may be thought of its theories, this Society is engaged in a very useful work, and in its practical details is worthy of entire confidence and of cordial support. Since its advocates have ceased to insist upon making it antagonistic to the American Board and the American Home Missionary Society, it has become much more respectable and influential. It is doing Christ's work, and should have its full measure of support.

What our correspondent regards as the strength of the Society, however, constitutes its real weakness. At one point it is built upon a logical fallacy. It uses that most ambiguous and controverted term "slaveholding" to define a moral principle; and so makes an abstract and untenable dogma a test of Orthodoxy. But while the Society rests upon very bad logic, it is doing a very good *work*. We rejoice in that, and bid it God-speed. It is quite usual now in churches to give an opportunity for all who prefer this channel to appropriate a portion of the Monthly Concert collection to the American Missionary Association. No one Society can do a tenth part of the work.

THE CRUELTIES OF WAR.

THE barbarities committed by the Druses help us to realize the cruelty of ancient warfare. Among civilized nations war has become a science, and it is regulated by a recognized code and by public opinion. But ancient warfare was often as cruel and barbarous as the civil war in Mount Lebanon. Striking illustrations of this are furnished upon the monuments of antiquity where battle-scenes are recorded or described.

In the Behistun Inscription, (found upon a high rock at Behistun, on the western frontier of Media,) Darius thus describes his treatment of captives: "I sent an army, by which Phraortes was taken and brought before me. *I cut off both his nose and his ears and his tongue*, and I led him away captive. He was kept chained at my door. All the kingdom beheld him. Afterwards I *crucified* him at Agbatana."

"By the grace of Ormazd, my troops defeated the rebel army, and took Sitrantadomos, and brought him before me. Then I cut off *both his nose and his ears*, and I led him away. He was kept chained at my door. All the kingdom beheld him. Afterwards I *crucified* him at Arbela."

A sculptured temple in Egypt represents a great heap of human hands as the tribute paid to a king, and also illustrates 1 Sam. xviii. 26.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

THE Corporation, at the recent Commencement, established a new department, viz., a Professorship of Physical Education. It is to include instruction in Gymnastics, having regard to the moderate exercise of all parts of the body, rather than to great feats of skill and strength; in Elocution, so far as relates to the development of the lungs, and the training of the vocal organs, and motions of the body, as used in oratory; and in Hygiene, including physiology and the special care of the student's health.

Dr. Hooker, a graduate of Yale, who, in addition to other qualifications, has received a superior medical education both in this country and in Europe, has been appointed Professor, and will enter on his duties immediately.

A spacious gymnasium, built of Pelham granite, and fitted up with the necessary apparatus, has just been completed.

This new department is a peculiarity in our colleges. It has been for a long time a favorite project of President Stearns, and Professor Clark has carried it forward with all his heart.

The time of Commencement has been changed to the second Tuesday in July, to be followed by a seven weeks' vacation. There will be also six weeks' vacation in winter, to accommodate the holidays and those students who teach school.

The year is divided into two terms, and there will be a few days' recess in the long term.

The College is highly prosperous, and the recent Commencement was acknowledged on all hands the most brilliant ever witnessed in Amherst. G. A.

Notices.

STATE CONFERENCE OF CONGREGATIONAL AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES OF WISCONSIN.

A Conference of Churches will be held at Watertown, commencing Tuesday evening, September 11th, at 7½ P.M.

Reports will be made as to the extent and blessedness of personal effort for Christ during the past two years, and instrumentalities introduced that are expected (by Divine aid) to bring many a *hesitating one* into the delightful liberty of active service, and the glorious loyalty of a simple and appropriating faith.

C. F. SKINNER, E. A. BURNELL, Beloit,
O. K. COE, G. H STEWART, Beaver Dam,
Committee on Entertainment at Watertown. C. F. PEASE, Janesville, Committee. 612*

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Agreeable to invitation of the Congregational Churches of Springfield, the undersigned, Committee of Local Arrangements, request persons who expect to attend the General Conference, to be holden in this city, Sept. 11, 1860, to notify the Chairman on or before Sept. 1st, who will furnish cards of introduction to families who will welcome them. If impracticable for any person to give such notice, they will be provided for on application to the Committee, at the Chapel of the First Congregational Church.

The Committee will furnish Free Return Tickets over the Western, Boston and Worcester, and Connecticut River Railroad.

Springfield, Aug. 15, 1860. E. MORGAN,
H. MERRIAM,
W. H. BOWDOIN,
O. W. WILCOX.
612-613

DEBT OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The debt of the A. B. C. F. M., in behalf of which special efforts have been made, is provided for within about Two Thousand dollars. This sum is a portion of the amount which was assumed by the friends of the Board in this city. The undersigned, as a committee having the matter in charge, have been unable to see personally many who, as they suppose, wish to aid in this good work; and they respectfully ask that, without personal solicitation, contributions or pledges be sent to either of them without delay, as the time has arrived for closing the account.

A. R. WETMORE,
W. E. DODGE,
New York, Aug. 21st. O. E. WOOD. 612

Died.

BURCHARD—At Clinton, New York, Aug. 8, 1860, Mary E., eldest daughter of Henry M. and Eliza C. Burchard, aged 5 years.

Business Notices.

L. D. OLMSTED & CO.,

L. D. OLMSTED,] [LYMAN BAIRD.

LOAN AGENCY AND COLLECTION OFFICE,

Chicago, Illinois.

Particular attention given to the negotiation of Loans from Eastern Capitalists, Corporations, and Estates, secured by bond and mortgage, and to the adjustment of suspended claims.

Notes collected, and the avails remitted on the day of payment.

By special permission they refer to—

New York.
Henry Young, Esq., Moses Taylor, Esq., John J. Phelps, Esq., Amos R. Eno, Esq., Messrs. Phelps, Bliss & Co., Messrs. Cochran & Co., Messrs. Ward, Dunning & Graham, Messrs. Read, Taylor & Co., William Mulligan, Esq., Messrs. Eno, Roberts, Rhodes & Co.

Philadelphia.
Hon. William Strong.

New London, Ct.
Hon. Thos. W. Williams, Capt. Francis Allyn.

Northampton, Mass.
Hon. J. Wilson.

Springfield, Mass.
Messrs. G. & C. Merriam.

Boston.
R. C. Hooper, Esq., Messrs. A. & A. Lawrence & Co., J. M. Beebe & Co., Messrs. F. Skinner & Co., Messrs. Austin Sumner & Co., Messrs. Stanfield, Wentworth & Co.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Henry L. Young, Esq.

Hartford, Ct.
Messrs. Day, Owen & Co., Messrs. Collins Brothers, John Olmsted, Esq., Thomas Smith, Esq., A. G. Hammond, Esq., Messrs. John Bacon & Co., Mark Howard, Esq.

Montreal.
Messrs. Seymour, Whitney & Co.,

New Haven, Ct.
D. F. Janes, Esq.
Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., Wells Southworth, Esq., Amos Townsend, Esq., E. C. Herrick, Esq., Dr. N. B. Ives, Henry White, Esq., Wyllys Warner, Esq., Messrs. C. Cowles & Co.

Edinburgh, Scotland.
Adam Pearson, Esq., William Lillie, Esq.

Chicago, Ill.
Henry Farnam, Esq., Francis Bradley, Esq., Hon. Mark Skinner,
Messrs. Ogden, Fleetwood & Co.,
C. G. Hammond, Esq.

References to other persons living in various cities at the East can be furnished if desired. 563-614

FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY AND ECONOMY.

CASH CAPITAL, $500,000.

75 PER CENT. TO THE INSURED.

LORILLARD

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NO. 31 WALL STREET.

THE INSURED PARTICIPATE IN THE PROFITS without any liability whatever.

This Company having increased their Capital to HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, will hereafter allow to dealers a participation in the net profits to the extent of SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT., or, when preferred, a liberal discount will be made from the standard rates.

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JONATHAN H. RANSOM, late of J. H. Ransom & Co.
JOHN C. MARTIN, of Martin & Lawson.
WASHINGTON SMITH, Vice-President.
GEORGE D. CRARY, Secretary. 610-635

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society,

NO. 92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Persons desiring REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT will find it to their advantage to act as AGENTS for this Society. 587-638

COLLECTIONS.

We have devoted our entire attention for more than four years to the COLLECTION OF MERCANTILE CLAIMS, through reliable Attorneys and Bankers, in all parts of North America—collecting and securing paper at low rates, and making no expenses where nothing is collected.

MERCHANTS are invited to call and examine our plan. Claims mailed to us from out of the city are promptly attended to. Our success in this branch of business, and the standing of the house, are known to over three hundred New York houses, to whom we refer by permission.

GEO. C. & MONT. GIBBS,
603tf No. 207 Broadway, cor. of Fulton street.

Ladd, Webster & Co.'s

IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH

Sewing-Machines.

Have taken the First Premiums at the following Fairs:

NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Albany.
PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR, Philadelphia.
MARYLAND STATE FAIR, Baltimore.
KENTUCKY STATE FAIR, Louisville.
SEABOARD AGRICULTURAL FAIR, Norfolk, Va.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE, (silver medal,) New York.

And at numerous County Fairs throughout the Union.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO.,
No. 500 Broadway, and 151 Fulton st., Brooklyn. 576tf

Wheeler & Wilson

SEWING-MACHINES.

OFFICE,

NO. 505 BROADWAY.

606-613LF

SEWING-MACHINES

For Manufacturers, Tailors, and Shoemakers, at wholesale and retail.

Wilson & Bancker

Invite you to call and examine their New Styles of Sewing-Machines at their new and extensive sales-room,

No. 514 BROADWAY, opposite ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

We offer none but first-class Sewing-Machines at our sales-room, and guarantee them good.

WILSON & BANCKER are the sole Agents for the splendid "BOUDOIR" SEWING-MACHINES,

HARRIS'S PATENT.

The best Machine in the world for Family Use. Price, $40.

The "BOUDOIR" is the latest improved Sewing-Machine now for sale, and challenges the world to beat it.

SALES-ROOM, NO. 514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.

Liberal discount made to the trade. Agents wanted. 607-619J

FINKLE & LYON

Sewing-Machine Co.

NO. 538 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Extract from the report of the Committee on Exhibitions held in Philadelphia by the Franklin Institute:

"First Class—Is the Lock-Stitch, as is made by the Wheeler & Wilson's, Ladd, Webster & Co.'s, Sloat's, Finkle's, and other Shuttle-Machines, which is made by two threads, one carried through the fabric by the needle, and the other passed through a loop in the first thread by a shuttle or some equivalent device. The appearance of the stitch by these machines is the same on both sides.

"The Second Class produces what is called a Grover & Baker, or 'Double-Thread Loop-Stitch,' which is made by a loop of the upper thread being thrust through the fabric, through which a loop from the lower thread is passed, which has again a second loop of the upper thread passed through it, and thus continuing, the upper and lower threads interlooping one another.

"The class of Machines can, by a very slight change in the form of the looper, be altered into a single-thread machine.

"The Third Class is the single-thread Machine, which produces a chain or loop-stitch on one side of the fabric, and is usually called the 'Chain-Stitch.'

"No. 109. Made by Finkle, is a Shuttle Machine, and has much to recommend it. The shuttle is carried in a cradle, as the inventor asserts, to avoid friction in the shuttle race. The feed is the 'wheel feed,' operated by the toggling pawl, certain in its operation, and simple in adjustment; tension is from a rod, around which the thread is twisted, each turn increasing the tension; a peculiarity is claimed in the operating cam. The groove in this cam, which gives motion to the needle bar, is so arranged that the needle bar is at no time actually at rest, but its speed, as it approaches the top or bottom of its stroke, is gradually increased or diminished. The Machine works with a short needle, and the loop thrown off for the shuttle to pass through is very small; the slack of the thread is drawn up by a peculiar lever, operated by the needle bar, and seems to work with great precision. In the work done by this Machine for the inspection of the Committee, the operator stitched from fine gauze to thick cloth and leather, without any change in the feed, needle, or tension. The Machine is geared to run at a high speed—it runs very lightly, and with but little noise.

"Reviewing the merits of the foregoing Machines, in regard to excellence of mechanical arrangements and adaptation to great range of workmanship, the Committee give preference in order of merit:

"First. No. 109, the Finkle Machine, manufactured by Finkle & Lyon.
"Second. No. 1,154, the Wheeler & Wilson Machine.
"Third. No. 565, the Ladd, Webster & Co. Machine.
"Fourth. No. 142, the G. B. Sloat & Co. Machine.

JOHN E. ADDICKS,
"Chairman."

FINKLE & LYON Machines also took the HIGHEST MEDAL at the Fair of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, with the highest premium for fine Sewing-Machine work.

They also took the HIGHEST PREMIUM at the New Jersey State Fair, and so, generally, wherever exhibited. At the recent Exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair at Utica, N. Y., these Machines took *both* of the highest premiums.

All Machines warranted to give better satisfaction than any other Sewing-Machines in market, or money refunded.

AGENTS WANTED.

Send for a Circular.

607tf-LF

PRAISE IS SUPERFLUOUS.

ITS SUPREMACY IS ESTABLISHED.

THE

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING-MACHINE.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

For families to use that desire a stitch unrivaled for BEAUTY, ELASTICITY, and STRENGTH. This Machine sews equally well on all fabrics; muslin, cotton, linen, woolen cloth, etc., from the finest Swiss Muslin up to the Heaviest Beaver Cloth or Leather. It finishes its own work, which is more durable than any fabric, runs at a quicker rate of speed than any other, is very simple in its construction, easily understood, and with proper management NEVER GETS OUT OF REPAIR. Making a stitch peculiar to itself,

THE CELEBRATED DOUBLE LOCK STITCH,

it is impossible to make any improvement on the latter, and all other machines being inferior, it claims universal favor as

The Unrivaled Grover & Baker's.

Such a machine, "ONE OF OUR HOUSEHOLD GODS," is now considered as essential to the comfort of a well-regulated family as "fire in winter," or "lamps after twilight."

We only desire that every one shall give it a fair and impartial examination, conscious that its own superior merits will be apparent to every discerning eye.

Offices of Exhibition and Sale: 495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer street, Boston; 730 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore street, Baltimore; 58 West Fourth street, Cincinnati. Agencies in all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

610-612

SINGER'S

Best Manufacturing Machines

Will be hired out for the present, at low rates, to residents of New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg. The rent will be deducted from the price in case of a purchase. I. M. SINGER & CO.,

605tf No. 458 Broadway.

HARRISON'S

Improved European Ranges

FOR

Private Families, Restaurants, and Hotels.

All sizes, to cook for six persons, or a thousand!! The most durable and economical Range in market.

BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO.,
Manufacturers, No. 442 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Chilson's Cone Furnaces.

These well-known and superior FURNACES, thousands of which are in our best houses, and acknowledged to be the *most satisfactory* HEATING APARATUS in use, are put up in city or country, with tin pipes, registers, etc., etc., in the best manner, by the manufacturers.

BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO.,
606-616 No. 442 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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Passenger Trains leave Pier foot of Duane street as follows:

DUNKIRK EXPRESS, at ..... 7 A.M.
MAIL, at ..... 8.15 A.M.
WAY, at ..... 3.45 P.M.
NIGHT EXPRESS, *daily*, at ..... 5 P.M.

CHAS. MINOT, Gen'l Sup't.
NATHANIEL MARSH, Receiver. 612tf

WATER COOLERS! WATER COOLERS!! WATER COOLERS!!!

For offices, banks, steam-boats, hotels, and private houses. Water Coolers, both plain and ornamental, of superior quality—will not rust or corrode. Prices less than heretofore. At wholesale and retail by LUCIUS HART, Nos. 4 and 6 Burling slip.

ICE PITCHERS! ICE PITCHERS!! ICE PITCHERS!!!

The place to get them of Superior workmanship, the newest patterns, and at low prices, retail or wholesale, is at Nos. 4 and 6 Burling slip, of

580-627 LUCIUS HART.

359 Removal 359

FROM CORNER OF BROADWAY AND READE ST. TO 359 BROADWAY.

G. L. & J. B. Kelty,

Importers of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in,
LACE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS,
ENGLISH AND GERMAN DAMASKS,
SATIN DE LAINES, REPS,
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GOLD WINDOW SHADES,
BUFF AND WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
STORE WINDOW SHADES,
CHURCH WINDOW SHADES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
359 590-13teow BROADWAY, New York. 359

Gurney's Gallery.

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PHOTOGRAPHS finished in Oil, Pastel, Water Colors, and India Ink.

IVORYTYPES—This new and beautiful style of Portraiture is creating quite an excitement in the artistic world. It has all the correctness of the plain Photograph, combined with the finish of the most delicate miniature on Ivory.

MINIATURES IN OIL for beauty, delicacy of touch, and finish are unequaled.

DAGUERREOTYPES in the usual artistic styles.

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Watches, Jewelry, and Silver-ware.

Freeman & Bennett

HAVE REMOVED FROM THEIR OLD STAND, No. 257 BROADWAY,
Opposite Stewart's,

To No. 825 Broadway,

Between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

F. & B., in returning thanks to their friends for past favors, respectfully solicit a continuance of their patronage. 600-612

Gents' and Children's Hats and Caps.

The largest and most elegant variety in this city. First Premium for Ladies' Riding and Children's Hats. The Clergy supplied at a discount. KELLOGG, No. 381 Canal street. 607-658

Davis's Pain-Killer.

Perry Davis's Pain Killer is a very valuable article, and one that it would be well for every householder to have at hand, in case of bruises, scalds, burns, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, fever and ague, and the host of diseases, external and internal, which it is adapted to cure or alleviate.—*Salem Observer.* 612

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Washing without rubbing or wear, entirely by the action of water.

SIMPLE, CHEAP, DURABLE, EFFECTUAL.

Prices $12, $14, and $16.

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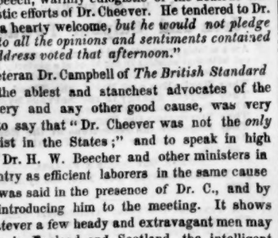

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RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Made to Measure at $18 per doz., or Six for $9.

MADE OF NEW YORK MILLS MUSLIN,

With fine linen bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in retail stores at $2 50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

P.S.—Those who think I cannot make a good shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here is the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts:

30 yards of York Mills muslin, at 14½c. per yard	$4 35
7 yards of fine linen, at 50 cents per yard	3 50
Making and cutting	6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50 cents	1 50
Profit	2 65
Total	$18 00

SELF-MEASUREMENT FOR SHIRTS.

Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand, that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods. 600-cowtfH

Hoppock, Garbutt & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NOS. 87, 89, and 91 WARREN STREET,

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Keep constantly on hand a LARGE and WELL-SELECTED STOCK of

SUGARS,	TOBACCO,
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Also an Extensive and Choice Stock of

GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,

Which are offered to all Cash and SHORT TIME Prompt-Paying Buyers at the Very Lowest market prices.

Prompt attention given to orders, and selections made with care. 601-626

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Views of Churches, Country Seats, etc.

RINTOUL & ROCKWOOD,

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Would respectfully remind their patrons that one member of the firm gives his IMMEDIATE PERSONAL ATTENTION to the taking of

CITY RESIDENCES,
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Large size or Stereoscopic

FAMILY GROUPS,
BALCONY SCENES,
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Specimens may be seen at the Gallery.

SPECIAL NOTICE—A NEW IMPROVEMENT.—Messrs. Rintoul & Rockwood call the attention of Artists and Amateurs to their new process for taking

LIFE-SIZE PICTURES,

either from Life or Copies from Daguerreotypes, by which a picture may be taken the size of life WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST DISTORTION! The process has just been introduced by ourselves, and is not used at any other establishment. 595-613X

1860 Campaign Medals, &c.

BADGE MEDALS, containing correct daguerreotypes of the various candidates for President and Vice-President. Also,

PINS AND HAT-TIP ORNAMENTS,

with the Presidential Candidates only. A cheap and good thing for "Wide-Awake" and other political clubs. For sale by

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SHIRTS TO ORDER, from Best Materials. Complete measure, Careful Cutting, and

NO SALE IF NOT TO PLEASE.

Sample Shirts made on approbation. 502-643

THE FULLER

Patent Iron Railing Co.

OFFER FOR SALE,

AN IRON RAILING,

New and beautiful in design, and ONE-THIRD CHEAPER than other railings. It is especially adapted to Churches, Houses, and Cemetery grounds. It is *simple in construction, easily put up and taken apart.* FEWER Posts required than usual. A broken part easily replaced at small expense Specimens of various designs may be seen at the office of the Company, No. 426 Broadway, N. Y. JOS. S. LORD, Jr., Agent.
612-619D

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WATKINS

Has opened a BRANCH STORE at 867 BROADWAY, just above Union square, for the accommodation of his numerous up-town customers. The same styles and qualities of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes, will be kept on hand and made to order, as those that have given such universal satisfaction at No. 114 Fulton street. The business in Fulton street will be continued as usual. 605tf

Who are the Miserable?—Let the Dyspeptic, who suffers physically and mentally, answer. But though he has drunk the very dregs of suffering, relief exists in the OXYGENATED BITTERS; they are "a cure for all his woes." 612

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.—MILLIONS of bottles are now used every year in the United States for children teething, with never-failing success. Relief is immediate and certain. See advertisement in another column. 570-620

WATER-CURE FOR THE MILLION!

"THE MOST VALUABLE HEALTH TRACT ever published." Rules for Bathing, Dieting, Cooking, Exercising, Home Treatment, Remarkable Cases, etc. Seventy-two pages, price 20 cents. Sold by the author,
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MAPLE HALL.—PROF. ANDREW'S BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Jamaica, L. I., Twelve miles from New York, Will reopen on Monday, September 10th. 612-615*

FOR CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

THE CHURCH MELODIES. BY THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc., and REV. T. S. HASTINGS. Large 12mo, cloth, 75 cents, with a liberal discount to churches. THE BOOK HAS GIVEN COMPLETE SATISFACTION WHEREVER USED. Published by ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, No. 683 Broadway.

On the receipt of 75 cents a copy will be sent by mail, prepaid. 612-3teow

DUTCHESS COUNTY ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, New York, begins the Fall session 3d of Sept. $40 a quarter of eleven weeks, for Board and Tuition in all branches necessary for business or college. Address WILLIAM McGEORGE, Principal, for a circular. 612-615*

SELECT FAMILY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, POUGHKEEPSIE, Dutchess county, N. Y., commencing Sept. 5th. The number of pupils limited. For circulars apply to
612-615* A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Principal.

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NEW EDITION—REVISED AND ENLARGED.

WELLS'

Every Man his Own Lawyer

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BEING A COMPLETE GUIDE IN ALL MATTERS OF LAW AND BUSINESS NEGOTIATIONS,

FOR EVERY STATE IN THE UNION;

CONTAINING LEGAL FORMS OF

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES,
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AWARDS, DECLARATIONS,
STATES OF DEMAND,
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PARTNERSHIP
ARTICLES,
ORDERS,
RELEASES,
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AND EXECUTORS' DEEDS
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CODICILS, APPRENTICESHIP INDENTURES, SUBMISSIONS, LAND JOINTURES,
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RECEIPTS, COMPOSITION WITH CREDITORS
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ALSO CONTAINING

PRESUMPTION LAWS, PATENT LAWS, WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS TO INVENTORS,
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE, CUSTOM-HOUSE REGULATIONS, FORMS AND
TARIFF OF DUTIES, LIABILITIES
OF COMMON CARRIERS, LAW
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INSTRUCTIONS FOR
PROCEEDING, WITHOUT
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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ALSO CONTAINING

STATE AND
TERRITORIAL LAWS
CONCERNING PROPERTY EXEMPT FROM EXECUTION, LIEN
LAW, LAW OF LIMITATION, LAW OF
CONTRACT, PEDLER'S LICENSE TO SELL GOODS,
LEGAL RATES OF INTEREST,
QUALIFICATIONS OF VOTERS,
ETC., ETC.

ALSO,

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES,
SEALS OF EVERY STATE IN THE UNION,
GOLD AND SILVER COIN, TABLES,
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A LITTLE PROPHET.

[The following pleasing little poem is from a new contributor to *The Independent*, who shall be welcome to its columns a second time.]

Spoke the Nightingale to the Rose
Once, so early in the morning,
Not a creature in all the glen,
Weary and dull with a night of rain,
Had perceived a warning.
"Yet," he said, "'tis morning."

Night of rain, night of gloom;
Ah, how sad for the birds a-building!
Soaking nests and blossoms torn,
And in all the East no sign of morn
The weeping woodlands gilding:
"Yet," he sang, "'tis morning."

"Waken," he cried, "ye creatures all!"
Violets, lift your tearful faces;
Finch and robin, arise and sing;
Choral larks, announce your king;
Thrushes, choose your places.
For I am sure 'tis morning.

"Nay, he raves!" sighed the draggled rose;
"Sure he raves!" croaked the birds together;
Back to their dripping boughs they went,
Ragged and bunched with discontent
At such unheard-of weather.
Still he sang, "'Tis morning."

Darkness all; along the East,
Hill on hill, lay the awful thunder:
—All in a flash, O wondrous sight!
Those dreadful gates of gloom and night
Burst and rolled asunder.
Lo, the Sun! 'Twas morning.

Back and back from their King they rolled;
Grand he rose, and smiled around him:
Each small creature of hill and glen,
Blackbird, throstle, and tiny wren,
Broke the spell that bound him.
"Joy!" they rang, "'tis morning!"

Triumph and music everywhere,
All the air a golden glory;
Louder praisers crowd the vale,
—But really 'twas the nightingale
Who first told the story:—
Now *all* cry, "'Tis morning."

THE HEARSE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One bright, still noon of last week, Death suddenly descended upon our mountain, like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. Our nearest neighbor, an old man of nearly seventy years, while harvesting, was thrown down by his horses and mortally hurt by their trampling hoofs and the heavy wheels of his wagon. He was lifted up by his sons and carried into his house, murmuring, "Lord have mercy on my soul!" Then some one dashed off at mad speed for the doctor, who came, and to the joy of friends and kindred, pronounced an opinion that the injuries were not so serious as had been supposed, and that the patient would soon recover and perhaps be as hale and hearty as ever. For the honor of science, the old farmer should have rallied, but, like the poor mother of little Paul Dombey, he proved to be not equal to the effort. Exhausted by pain, he fell into a sleep, and did not wake again. His kind old wife, who watched over him, did not know when he ceased to breathe, so softly and imperceptibly had life ebbed away in the profound calm of that last earthly slumber.

The priest came too late to bid the hasting soul God-speed; it had gone forth unaneled—had touched the eternal shore with unanointed feet.

Yet surely not alone had it gone. The mercy of the Lord, so humbly invoked in the hour of extremest need, had not left it companionless and forsaken. All unconscious, perchance, it had passed through the mighty change from the mortal to the immortal—borne like a sleeping child in the arms of a strong, benignant angel, through the valley of shadows and mysteries, and over the fearful river, to be laid softly down in the "green pastures" and beside the "still waters" of the better land.

In primitive country-places people seem to be in strange haste to "bury their dead out of their sight." That night there was a "wake" in the brown farm-house under the hill, and the next day, hardly twenty-four hours from the time when news of the fearful accident had struck a sudden horror through our veins, we looked out upon a hearse slowly moving by, bearing the tired old laborer home, from the harvest-fields he would reap no more. A long procession followed that grim car of the great conqueror—country vehicles of every description, and a large number of men and women on horseback. The aged farmer had been much respected, and even in this busy harvest-time friends and neighbors, for many miles around, had gathered to do honor to his honest memory.

A little below us, at a cross-road, the train paused, to say prayers—then crept on, along the pleasant forest-way, up the mountain, to the summit, where stands the cross-crowned church, and where in its shadow lie clustered together an ever-growing flock of the faithful, through balmy summers and stormy winters sleeping the same deep, quiet sleep.

Strange it was that the passing of that hearse, bearing by a stranger, whom we had but looked upon casually once or twice, in our walks, should suddenly have clouded for us the radiant heavens and shadowed the smiling earth. Nature, but a brief while before so joyous and glowing, in her sumptuous festive appareling, crowned with her summer beauty and flashing with a thousand ardent lights, seemed mysteriously to sympathize with the sight. The regal quietude softened into tender melancholy—the clouds of heaven seemed brooding over the sorrowful procession—the forest-trees gave forth awe-struck murmurs as it passed—the tall hemlocks bowed solemnly before it—the pines, those strange, sad trees, that on the wild sea-shore catch up the moan of the great deep, and pass it from mountain-top to mountain-top around the world, seemed now to breathe a human pity in their fragrant sighs. All else was still—no woodman's ax pained the religious silence of the forest—scarce a merry little bird offended by the sweet heartlessness of its happy song.

Up the long ascent it moved, that shadow of our mortal sorrow and perishable earthly estate, that shadow of the dead man's hearse—along the way his feet had often trod, past the spring over whose brink he may have often bent with thirsting lip, past lovely green glades, mossy banks, and fairy forests of waving ferns, on which his eye had often dwelt with a vague and soft delight, and so passed out of our view. But its memory went not out of our hearts that day.

In this pure, healthful region, where nature seems so unworn, so youthful and vigorous—where dwell simplicity, humble comfort, and quiet happiness, death has startled us as something strange and unnatural. Here, where the physician has seemed to us as a sort of elegant luxury, an undertaker seems a monstrous anomaly.

How different is it in the city! There mourners in their weeds, the somber advertisement of their sorrow, mingle everywhere with the gay promenaders or busy crowds of our streets—there in almost every square one sees depending from the door and windows of some house the tell-tale crape—Death's mournful pennons fluttering in the wind. There, on many a corner, one is confronted with the black, significant sign of the undertaker's "dreadful trade," or comes upon some marble-yard, filled with a ghostly assemblage of anticipatory grave-stones and monuments—graceful broken columns, which are to typify the lovely incompleteness of some young life, now full of beauty and promise—melancholy, drooping figures, types of grief for ever inconsolable, destined, perhaps, to stand proxy for mourning young widows, now happy wives—sculptured lambs, patiently waiting to take their places above the graves of little children, whom yet smiling mothers nightly lay to sleep in soft cribs, without the thought of a deeper dark and silence of a night not far away, or of the dreary beds soon to be prepared for their darlings, "I' the earth."

Then we make magnificent provision for our dead. No cathedral were vast enough to shadow their rest. We appropriate acres of pleasant land, woods, river-banks, hills, and quiet glens, to the goodly company;—and every year the silent settlement widens and thickens. Tombs, columns, lambs, mourning-figures, weeping-willows, broken lilies, and rose-buds multiply. Soon every tree must shade a circle of graves; even now, the flowers on every bit of unbroken turf seem to say to us—"We occupy till you come."

There a sadly familiar vehicle is the hearse, with its steeds and melancholy cortege. Sometimes, while waiting at the corner of a street till the way should be clear, we have indulged in pensive conjectures as to who or what was the still occupant of the gloomy state-carriage in which sooner or later we must all take a place. Sometimes, when the coffin under the waving plumes was small, I have clasped closer my little daughter's hand, and quickly turned my eyes away—not daring to glance into the mourning-coach that followed, where perchance sat a mother, in the awful sacredness of her sorrow;—but ere the day was over, the incident was forgotten. If it were not for the power to throw off the sad impression of such sights, and to narrow down our gentlest sympathies to the little circle of immediate friends and acquaintances, our days at home would all pass like a funeral procession—death-knells would deaden our ears to the sweet home-music of life—ever would we "smell the mould above the rose."

In the country the simple ties of human brotherhood are stronger. We take home the startling lesson of our neighbor's sudden death. In spirit, we sit down with his stricken household, and put our lips to their bitter cup, in sorrowful communion. The mourning clothes of his wife and children shadow our thoughts—his funeral knell saddens for us the summer air—our hearts echo the desolate sound of the earth descending on his coffin—and at night, when we lay ourselves down to sleep, we think of him in his lowly bed, over which kindly Nature will soon draw a coverlet of daisies.

WELLS IN THE DESERT.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

Afric's burning desert lands
Sometimes to the travelers show
Wells and palms amid the sands
Which but mock the sufferers' woe.

Visions are they fair to see
'Mid the scorching heat of day—
Visions only, for they flee,
And, approaching, pass away.

But our Lord deep wells hath made
In life's weary desert road,
Where our thirst may be allayed
With salvation from our God.

These no mirage are, nor dream,
Which, on coming nearer, fade,
But, the fairer do they seem
When we reach the palm-tree's shade.

Thither, Pilgrim, turn thine eye,
Thirsting, dying, with thy pain,
Drink, and thou shalt never die,
Drink, and never thirst again.

Falkner.

THE WORM AT THE ROOT.

A young sapling, slender, fair, to the eye perfect and promising, stood in a nursery of peaches by the side of full-grown, fruit-bearing trees. It looked upon the downy, gold, and crimson peaches ripening above it in the autumn sun with a longing eye, and dreamed of the day when it should be thus loaded with fruit, admired and praised by all.

"Ah, well," it murmured, and the breeze rippling through the leaves brought the sound to my ears; "patience! One or two seasons more and I shall be grafted, and then in spring I shall blush with sweet blossoms and in autumn glow with tempting fruit. I hardly know how to wait!"

The spring returned, and the trees again assumed their leaves and flowers, rejoicing together in the wind and sunshine. At length, about mid-summer the owner of the nursery visited it with his gardener. Examining all the trees, he presently stopped before the young sapling—

"But see here," said he, "this tree does not look healthy; it is turning yellow; what is the matter?"

"Ah, I'm afraid there's a worm at its root," replied the gardener. "I ought to have noticed it before; I might have saved it; but it's too late now! It is a pity, for it was growing finely."

"Very well, remove it. We need its room for something else."

Accordingly, before long, the gardener came with his spade and dug up the young tree; and, as he had supposed, among the roots was a great white canker-worm, fattening on the minute and tender rootlets, the very life of the tree. He then threw it, with some others in the same condition, into a heap of rubbish, where its leaves, shrunken and dried, were soon rustling mournfully in the wind. At length he set fire to the whole brush-heap, and of the aspiring young sapling nothing remained but dull, gray ashes.

A boy came from his sport to watch the fire, whose crackling and roaring he had heard. Straight and tall, healthy and intelligent, he looked like a boy one would like to stand and talk with, to hear his quick replies and see his eye sparkle with pleasant curiosity. His father will tell you he is the brightest child of his family, a most promising lad. He expects to see him live to enjoy the ample property he has gathered for him, to hold high places of honor, praise, and trust among his fellow-men, and to be the pride and stay of his age.

But there is a side of this lad's character his father has never yet seen, (fathers are so often blind where they most need the keenest sight;) an unfavorable side, a deplorable side. There is a worm at the root of it, eating out its life. He is *untrue*. Falsehood is familiar to his lips—petty falsehood principally, though he is not a stranger to glaring, open lies—he tells a tale with a false coloring, leads astray by a wrong emphasis, he denies in such a way that he can say he did not deny;—though yet so young, he has traveled all the winding, dark, underground paths of untruth and deceit.

The gardener who stands by him now has seen the diseased spot in his character for a long time; so have the other servants and his companions. Only his parents cannot see it; the hand that might heal him is unconscious that he needs it. But honest David, the gardener, will now and then speak a warning word. The fire burned down, and the lad stood kicking about the ashes with the toe of his boot.

"I've been burning up some young peach-trees," said David.

"Peach-trees! What for?"

"They had the canker-worm among them, and would die soon. So we dug them up and burned them."

"What is the canker-worm?"

"It's a large white worm that feeds on all the young roots, and so ruins the tree. What would you say if some one should tell you that when you are a man you will be cast out of honest society just as these trees have been cast out of the nursery?"

"Me! I shouldn't believe it. I guess my father is rich enough to put me into good and honest society."

"Yes; but he can't keep you there unless you're fit to stay. If the worm that's preying on you now goes on, there'll be nothing good left in you when you are grown to be a man. Men will see that you are corrupt and dishonest, and soon you will be only fit to be trodden under foot as you tread on these ashes. The boy that tells lies has got a canker-worm in his heart. He'd better look to it betimes, or by-and-by in disgrace and poverty he'll rue the day he let slip the chance of getting cured. I've seen life, my lad; mind if I'm not a true prophet!"

"Don't trouble yourself to prophesy about me; I'm not afraid!" said the boy, walking away.

Was David a true prophet? Most certainly he was if these words of the Bible are true: "The transgressor shall be rooted out; and he that speaketh lies shall perish."

New York, August 15, 1860.

To the Editors of The Independent:

I send you, from *The Advocate and Guardian*, an extract—a precious gem—which I hope you will set in your paper. I want to see its light reflected. It is an illustration of the power and the fruits of faith, in language of extraordinary beauty and simplicity, from the pen of a bereaved mother whose name I know. The peace of a chastened spirit, the confiding trust of a believing heart, the radiance of a glorious hope, shine with a purity and luster that are refreshing in this vale of tears—far transcending in beauty the brightest jewels in any monarch's earthly crown. Is not our religion indeed "the pearl of great price?"

Did any consolation ever equal that of him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live?"

If unbelievers declare it all a dream, what other philosophy, what other hope, "what truth on earth so precious as the lie?"

One of Your Readers.

A Christian mother, who recently resigned to the arms of her Redeemer a most promising son, cut down suddenly while pursuing a course of study preparatory to a life of usefulness, writes thus to one of his class-mates:

"It is a week to-day since we looked our last on the earthly tabernacle of our darling. His funeral was to me a strangely cheerful, cheering scene. So sweetly solemn fell the Christian's last lullaby,

'Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.'

Then came the psalm containing that prayer, 'Oh, satisfy us early with thy likeness,' in his case so fully answered, and then the glorious assurance that 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption—this mortal, immortality,' with the exulting inquiry, 'Oh, death! where is thy sting?' Then the minister's beautiful illustration of the fact that God often rewards his chosen ones with early death, enlarging upon the idea of the Christian's death wearing so different an aspect from death in its ordinary appearance, that it was only the portal to heaven. Then the inspiring prayers, and the cheering hymn about 'the shining shore,' where he had landed; and then our long, solemn ride, during which I thought and thought of my darling, and gave him so willingly to his Father, and asked myself whether I could thus give up each other one as they sat before me, and answered, Yes, if it was his will, for I should never have to lose my God—'my joy' no man could take from me. Then, accompanied by Jesus—'seen by an eye of faith,' we came 'to the grave.' When I saw them laying the dear one down there, my bright-faced, joyous boy, my 'sunbeam,' I groaned within myself and 'wept bitterly,' but soon there came the thought, my sunbeam would now beam on me from the sky, and mingled with the beams of the Sun of righteousness, would light my path upward and onward to the source of all light, under God's charge till the resurrection morn.

"When I parted with his class-mates, it seemed to me that the last link of his College life—his happy Christian College life—had been torn away, and my thoughts for days were in a state of vibration, now bending like a bulrush as the waves of earthly sorrow and irreparable loss came rushing over me, and crying out in spirit, 'When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I'—then again rising to the contemplation of the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled upon which he had entered.

"Often since you and E. were here I have sung to myself,

'For ever with the Lord,
Amen! so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent
Absent from thee I roam,
And nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.'

And, as I have sung it, I have *felt* it, and then my thoughts would soar, and the waves would all sink at my feet, and break away in harmless play. I am growing more calm than at first. The quiet, the joyous, the thankful emotions are generally in the ascendant, and when I consider my 'folded lamb,' so safe for ever from all possibility of sin or harm, I can break out into thanksgiving, and feel more than willing to do without him all the rest of my allotted days."

ANECDOTE OF EMMET.

His boldness was occasionally carried to the most astonishing length. On one occasion a man was convicted of administering the oath of the Society of United Irishmen, which was then a capital offense. Emmet appeared for the prisoners, on a motion in arrest of judgment. Having read the "test," to use the author's words, with "all the gravity of a man who felt that he was binding his soul by the obligations of a solemn oath," he addressed the court in these words: "My Lords, here, in the presence of this legal court, this crowded auditory—in the presence of the Being that sees and witnesses and directs this judicial tribunal—here, my Lords, I myself, in the presence of God, declare, *I take the oath*." After which astounding piece of oratory, he kissed the book and laid it down. "All's well that ends well." The prisoners were treated with clemency, and, astonishing as it may seem, no steps were taken against the newly-sworn United Irishman, nor was he, we believe, reprimanded.—*Madden's United Irishmen.*

We may suggest that it is a radical mistake, to suppose that the marriage relation can be entered upon with safety to the peace of either party, where the motive for such union is mainly that which governs commercial copartnership, viz., the obtainment or increase of riches. This implies no disregard to those prudential considerations which ought to enter into the mind of every young person, especially every young man, entering into that relation. It does not follow that pecuniary or other similar considerations should never be the motive of matrimonial alliance, that therefore a man is to permit his passions to blind his judgment and his forethought, and he is to act upon the fiction of the novelist, and expect that "love in a cottage" will satisfy the necessities and supply the comforts of this everyday, practical life. Every man who is a man, is to hold even the holiest and strongest of his passions in subordination, and in stern disregard of its siren persuadings, weigh the future as well as the present in the balance of a sober judgment.

But our purpose was rather to make a few practical suggestions, with respect to domestic life as already realized, than with respect to its antecedents. We declare our honest conviction that of all those sad cases of domestic infelicity which from time to time are publicly announced, not one need to have occurred, had either party sought to avert the catastrophe by the means—*the free conversation and the mutual forbearance and concessions*—which are habitually employed in those commercial copartnerships which men establish voluntarily among themselves. And we further assert without hesitation that in every case this course would have been productive of far greater happiness than that which they elected to adopt.

In saying this we recognize fully the fact that sometimes, and far too often, parties enter the married state without due reflection, without sufficient intimate knowledge of each other, and without carefully ascertaining whether they generally concur in tastes and habits and ambition, and have due affinities of temper. But against these we place the fact, the immense influence of which cannot be overestimated, that the living together of the parties, commenced as it is in a spirit of love, or at least of friendship, tends to assimilate them. With the start thus made, there must be indeed glaring faults on both sides if the friendship does not become permanent and increase in warmth and fervor with each revolving year. Where the original bond is a bond of pure and genuine love, its perpetuity is all the more easily secured.

The subject is of more public importance than perhaps at the first glance would appear. Nations are composed of families. Domestic life is the heart, the core of a republic. Let that be unsound, and we know what follows. And just as the citizen is required, is in fact placed under a moral obligation to obey the laws and submit to the inconvenience of social restraints, in order to preserve the fabric of government unimpaired, so is every husband and every wife bound to obey cheerfully the laws and bear the yoke of domestic life, in order that the integral parts of the social and public fabric may remain sound and perfect. This is a moral, social, and political obligation. Morality, social order, and patriotism, like charity, *begin at home*, and if domestic ties are recklessly broken, or even inconsiderately weakened, we may look in vain for sound and permanent social and political institutions. With pure and kind and endearing domestic association and a happy domestic life, we and any people may defy disorder and anarchy.—*Com. Adv., June 7th.*

A DOG EXPRESS.

Daniel Henshaw, Esq., recently read a very interesting paper on "Statistics and Anecdotes of Travels" before the New England Historic and Genealogical Society, which has since been printed in *The Gazette*. He states that before the establishment of stage lines, people were sometimes greatly perplexed for means of transmitting messages and letters of importance. On one such occasion, the following very ingenious and extraordinary mode was adopted with entire success:

"A family living over fifty miles from Boston, who had removed from there a few years before, taking with them their favorite dog, Rover, had several times made their annual visit there, always accompanied by the same faithful animal. The necessity of sending a letter to Boston had now become urgent in the extreme, and indispensably necessary; yet there seemed no possible way of transmitting it but by procuring some one to go on express, which at that time was next to impossible. While they were deeply perplexed in contriving ways and means, some one said, perhaps more in jest than in earnest, 'send Rover.' Now Rover had proved himself on many occasions intelligent and faithful beyond others of his race, and the idea took at once. It was decided at any rate to try the experiment of sending Rover as bearer of dispatches, provided he could be induced to undertake so arduous and hazardous a mission.

"The letter was accordingly prepared, and while they were fastening it around his neck, the old dog would roll up his eyes in deep thought, as if pondering on the magnitude and responsibility of his charge, while he seemed to say, 'I understand the business perfectly, but dislike the undertaking, and must beg to be excused.' And, when the crisis came, he *did* beg and plead most piteously. But, after pointing to the east, the command was peremptory—'go'—and away he went in good earnest, not on the old circuitous traveled road, but on a bee-line, across lots, determined to make short work of it, and probably not stopping for rest or refreshment till he had reached his place of destination, which was a little before daylight the next morning. There were two houses in Boston, not far apart, where the old dog felt equally at home. He gave notice at first by howling and scratching at the door; but the family, not understanding the purport of so unseasonable a call, refused to respond, and he soon repaired to the other, where the surprise and astonishment at seeing the old dog with his message were indescribable. He was welcomed and greeted with as much joy and gladness as if he had been an old, intimate friend, just returned from a long and dangerous sea voyage. He was, indeed, an old friend, the representative of long absent friends, at a distance, and bringing glad tidings from afar. The fame of this achievement soon spread among the friends and through the neighborhood, and Rover became the *lion* of the day.

"This is believed to be the only instance where a quadruped has ever acted as bearer of dispatches, or post for carrying letters alone and so great a distance."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

What Hebrew wife her rival taunted sore?
What king lost power unwisely seeking more?
Who was a ready scribe in Moses' law?
Who, after fasting long, an angel saw?
What prophet wrote of Syria's overthrow?
Who from her husband's mother would not go?
Whose servant tried his master to deceive?
Where did St. Paul his books and parchments leave?
What king of giant race did Israel slay?
What priest first used a pulpit made of wood?
Who sought, at risk of life, the people's good?
Where did a servant slay his lawful king?
What friend did Paul request his cloak to bring?
What king to Solomon rich trees did send?
A title given to Paul's Philippian friend?
Who threshed, and by a wine-press hid the wheat?
What mount oft bore the Savior's sacred feet?
What loving father, in a tender strain,
Mourned for a rebel son ignobly slain?

Now, children, search your Bible, and you'll find
Each name is there which I had in my mind;
Take the initials, and note down with care;
Oh! may the text you see incite to prayer.

REV. C. G. FINNEY'S LABORS.

We give below an extract from a letter written by a lady, recently returned from Europe. During her tour she was much interested in the revival movements about her, and visited Rev. Mr. Finney, who was then preaching at Bolton and Manchester. She thus alludes to the effect of his sermons on a particular subject:

"Mr. Finney's sermons were very searching, and appeared to be impressed on the conscience by the Spirit of God. He preached with great power against all sin. After two sermons on confessing sin, and the duty of making restitution where it was possible, there were over three thousand pounds restored in the city of Bolton in one week.

"A young gentleman told me that he was at the railroad station one day, and observed a well-dressed woman sitting, who appeared to be waiting for the train. She seemed in deep thought; he began to converse with her on the subject of her soul's salvation. She said she had recently become a Christian. While they were talking the train passed off; she appeared surprised, and remarked that she must wait for the next train, as she was going to Manchester to return a shilling that she had stolen from her aunt before she was married. She seemed to feel her sin deeply, and when the next train came along she stepped on to go and confess her sin.

"If I had time I could write many instances of the kind.

"One man in Manchester that had acquired much property unjustly, hearing that Mr. Finney was to preach on the same subject in that city the following Sabbath, went and confessed to him, saying that he could not live unless he confessed his sin."

SONNET.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 28.

Oh! what a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the cross! The feverish care;
The wish that we were other than we are;
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "this might have been," so apt to press
On the reluctant soul; even past despair,
Past sin itself—all—all is turned to fair,
Aye! to a scheme of ordered happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us! . . . . Accepting the great pledge
Of his concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge;
While varying troubles form and burst anew,
Safe in a Father's arms we smile as infants do!

—*Chauncy Hare Townshend.*

MY MOTHER.

A scene of extraordinary interest lately took place in London,—that city in which lofty piety and degraded vice walk side by side. At the first of the meetings of fallen women, to which allusion is made in our religious intelligence, Rev. Baptist Noel addressed them, inviting them to come to a home which had been provided by a number of Christian gentlemen and ladies interested in their welfare. At the second meeting he addressed them again, and in the course of his remarks, as they sat gazing on the strange spectacle of such women in such society, he drew from his pocket a daguerreotype likeness, saying: "To-day I have received this likeness from a *mother*, begging me to search for her lost daughter."

In an instant, like an electric flash, the whole assembly was moved. Scenes of childhood, pictures of happy days, images of maternal faces rushed into their memories, and the flood-gates of tears were opened.—*Tract Journal.*

American "Aristocracy"—Heroes of the Revolution.—It may be a consolation to "stuck-up people," whose greatest boast is that they have never been engaged in any *useful employment*, to be told of the following facts:

Washington was a surveyor and farmer.
Franklin was a printer.
Greene was a blacksmith.
Warren was a physician.
Sumter was a shepherd.
Roger Sherman was a shoemaker.
Marion was a farmer, as was also Putnam, Allen, and Stark.
Hancock was a shipping merchant.
Trumbull was an artist.
Arnold (who, though a traitor, was a brave man and a good general) was a bookseller and druggist.

Dr. Spring and his Father.—Dr. Spring has a distinguished New England ancestry. His father, Rev. Samuel Spring, D.D., was a chaplain in the American army in the early part of the Revolutionary war, and was afterwards pastor of the North church, Newburyport. His mother was a daughter of the famous Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Hadley, and granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Hopkins of West Springfield. The New York divine, in the length of his pastorate, follows in the footsteps of his family. His father's ministry to one people extended through 47 years; his grandfather's reached 56 years, and his great-grandfather died in the 36th year of his ministry. Quite a good average, surely.

Agricultural.

Prince Albert's Windsor Pigs.—The ship Victoria, now on her way from Liverpool for New York, has on board some very choice pigs, imported by Mr. Lowell Mason, Jr., of South Orange, N. J. They are of the breed which has recently become known in England, and has taken prizes at the agricultural shows there, as Prince Albert's Windsor breed. It is a marked improvement on the Suffolk, from which it comes. This lot is from Prince Albert's farm, and is the first ever sent directly from headquarters to this country. They have been carefully selected by a personal friend of the importer, who has had much experience in such matters, and are declared by Mr. Henry Tait, Prince Albert's land steward, to be equal to any pigs remaining in the Prince's pens, and to be "the best pigs in all England." Mr. Tait claims for this breed superiority to all others in readiness to fat, quickness of maturity, freedom from waste in bone and form, and in superior quality and flavor of meat. He asserts with great confidence that he can fat two of these pigs on the feed required for one Berkshire, the breed which he values next, and to which much attention is given on the Prince's farm.

Mr. Mason intends to keep this breed distinct and pure, and to import, from time to time, such animals as may be necessary to keep his stock quite up in quality to that in the Prince's farm.

Foreign Miscellany.

Telegraphic Correspondence in Europe.—A large portion of the telegraphic correspondence of the English papers is headed "By Reuter's Telegrams." *The London Dispatch* thus answers the question, "Who is Mr. Reuter?" By this answer it appears that he is as near an individuality as is what is called the "Associated Press" in this country:

"The determination and enterprise of this gentleman are worth a reference. 'I dare say,' says a correspondent of a London journal, 'that few, if any, of our readers remember that during the Crimean war there every now and then came over a telegram from a Mr. Reuter, who was apparently a very knowing man, with a tendency to ubiquity. People soon began to ask, "Who is Mr. Reuter?" No one could find out. He is a German Jew. The Crimean war over, Mr. Reuter established himself in Cornhill and sent out telegrams to the daily journals. These were looked upon with suspicion, none the less because the telegrams still came without any authority but his own. They were used very sparingly and the profits were infinitesimal. But, nothing daunted, Mr. Reuter paid a flying visit to the principal Continental cities, organized an agency between them and Cornhill, and soon saw himself the conqueror. Telegraphic wires brought him scores of the most important news, and a few lucky hits, (among which was the early receipt of an Imperial speech,) established his fame. Some papers made a contract with him; others were forced to follow, and he now has a telegraphic net-work around him which is like nothing else in the world. He has, in fact, become an institution. He guarantees, I believe, that none but newspaper proprietors, cabinet ministers, and embassadors shall receive the telegrams. Of late he has extended his contracts to Indian and Australian news. Already his power is enormous. No one, however, can accuse him of any misuse of this great power.'"

Matrimonial Statistics.—The diagrams prepared by the Registrar and his assistants for the year 1858 disclose, as usual, some curious facts. For instance, it appears that, in the year 1858, three girls of 15 were married to youths of 18; one of 16 was married to a boy of 17; a young woman of 19 was wedded to a lad of 16; twelve girls of the age of 15 were married to men of 21; in all, twenty-six of the wives were only 15 years of age; 194 were sixteen years; 1,016 were 17. The age at which the greatest number of women marry is 20. A greater number marry at 30 than at 19; indeed, more marry at 30 than at 25 or 21 or 18. Five venerable old dames of 75, all of them widows, found husbands, one catching an active bachelor of 55. A girl of 17 was "sacrificed" to a man of 63; and another young creature of 20 to a fellow man of 75. Three men at the age of 80 were married to women of 50. A spinster of 70 was wedded to a bachelor of 65; but the large majority of the women who marry at that period of life of course are widows.—*London Times.*

The Emperor's Stables.—A lady writing from Paris, says: "I received a most imposing document the other day, admitting me with a party to the Emperor's stables, and so we went, although hardly thinking it worth while, but they are really one of the wonders of Paris. The stables, or saloons, as I call them, are under the gallery of the Louvre, and there must have been more than one hundred horses belonging to his Majesty. Each horse has a large stall to himself, with his name over the top, and his manger is constructed of black marble. We were then shown all the state carriages, some of which were loaded with gilding and lined with white satin; then came all the saddles, which were very elegant, and when we had visited the whole, we did not wonder that such a grand card of admission was necessary for the establishment."

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The conductors of this paper endeavor to remember that the great-end of all Christian effort *is to bring men to Christ*. They aim, accordingly, to put into every number of the paper something which shall have for its direct object the conversion of souls. Large-hearted Christians, who are seeking the means of doing good, would, it is believed, do an important service, and perhaps be the means of many conversions, by subscribing for copies of this paper for young persons of their acquaintance. Men largely engaged in manufactures might thus confer a lasting benefit upon their apprentices or workmen.

Many hundreds of clergymen are subscribers to this paper, and recommend it warmly to their congregations.

CANVASSERS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Special Arrangement for the Present Season.

I. To Teachers or others, who are willing to canvass for this paper, and who will send us, at one time, the names of SEVEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and *seven dollars in cash*, we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED QUARTO DICTIONARY, NEW PICTORIAL EDITION, price $6; or of LIPPINCOTT'S UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER, price $6.

II. To those who will send us, at one time, the names of TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and *ten dollars in cash*, we will give a copy of the new and splendid MAP OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM, published by our Society, 5 feet by 7, mounted and colored. Price $10.

III. Persons who prefer canvassing for compensation in money, and who can produce satisfactory testimonials as to character, will receive most liberal terms.

IV. MONTHLY TIMES. *The Sunday-School Times* for the first week in each month is also issued in a separate form, as a MONTHLY paper, for those schools and families who do not wish to take it weekly. *Price, to single subscribers, 25 cents a year.* In awarding premiums or compensation to canvassers, four single subscribers to *The Monthly Times* are counted the same as one subscriber to *The Weekly Times*.

☞ Specimen copies of the paper, and other documents needed in canvassing, will be furnished gratuitously on application.

Address WALDRON J. CHEYNEY, TREASURER,
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
PHILADELPHIA.

"ALL PLEASE SOUND."

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS' CONCERT TUNES.

As sung by the original "OLD FOLKS' COMPANY," under his management, at over Nine Hundred Concerts throughout the United States. Price 25 cents, on receipt of which copies will be sent by mail, post paid. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., No. 277 Washington street, Boston. 612

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL BOOKS, including works on Farming, Gardening, Fruits, Flowers, Horses, Cattle, all kinds of domestic animals, etc., etc., sent free to any address. SAXTON & BARKER,
Agricultural Book Publishers, and Proprietors of the Horticulturist,
611-623 No. 25 Park Row, New York.

EDUCATION.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY, LEROY, N. Y.

FIRST OR AUTUMNAL TERM BEGINS WEDnesday, September 19, 1860.
Board and Tuition, per term, $75.
Second Term, First Wednesday in February. COMMENCEMENT, Fourth Wednesday in June.
In Preparatory Department, none received under twelve years of age. In the Collegiate Department, according to attainments, in any one of the four classes.
Important and favorable changes have been made in the Faculty, with excellent accessions; increasing the facilities of sound and various learning, in all the Departments: with partial or complete course, at option.
Having attained a comparative maturity, through more than one quarter of a century, our Institution intends to augment continually its best arrangements, while expansion and progress characterize its successive stages, in hope of a nobler future of permanent and honorable usefulness. Its aim and scope—to furnish a thorough, superior, and especially a Christian education for our daughters, at the smallest practicable expense.
For salubrity, adaptation, accessibleness, and every proper auxiliary, Leroy is justly desirable, and well proved, as the site of our University.
IMPORTANT—though not indispensable—that scholars arrive the first week of the Term. Synopsis sent by mail, when desired.
SAMUEL HANSON COX, Chancellor.
Leroy, Aug. 15, 1860. 612-615

TEACHERS WANTED—AS PRINCIPALS, ASsistants, or Partners—in the different States. Schools, Families, and Seminaries everywhere, seeking competent Teachers for any department, can obtain the best talent by addressing the "NATIONAL TEACHERS' INSTITUTE," 335 Broadway, N. Y. 611-612*

HARTFORD FEMALE SEMINARY, MISS N. D. RANNEY, Principal, will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 5th. 612-613*

WEST HAVEN FEMALE SEMINARY.—THE next Term will commence on Thursday, September 20th. Catalogues may be obtained by addressing Mrs. S. E. W. ATWATER, West Haven, Ct. 610-612

HIGHLAND SCHOOL, WORCESTER, MASS.—English, Classical, Scientific, and Military. An interview with the Principal, on the school grounds, will convince the careful parent of the unsurpassed advantages of this institution for boys between the ages of eleven and nineteen years. The Fall term of the fifth year will commence on the 10th of September. Circulars forwarded.
612-614* C. B. METCALF, M.A., Principal.

MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE

COMBINES IN ITS ARRANGEMENTS ALL DEsirable facilities for acquiring a thorough education in every department of MUSIC, and young ladies, in the family of the Principal, may enjoy all the home comforts and educational advantages of the most select family school. For further information, and Catalogues, address

EDWARD B. OLIVER, Principal, Pittsfield, Mass.

From The Boston Congregationalist (April, 1859.)

"We wish to call particular attention to an advertisement in our columns of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute in Pittsfield, Mass. Its location is one of great salubrity and beauty, and its Principals are not only pre-eminently qualified for their position by professional skill, but yet more by refined and delicate sensibility and true Christian principle. For pupils who wish to learn music that *is* music, and learn what they learn so as to know it evermore, and who desire to combine with this other accomplishments of a solid rather than of a superficial character, we do not believe there is a school in the country that offers so many advantages." 609-612*

STENCIL TOOLS AFFORD A RARE CHANCE to make money. I sell the best and cheapest in market. Be sure and send for *my* circular, which fully describes the business. Address JOHN MEILLIKEN, Lawrence, Mass 512-515*

THE HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE,
Claverack, Columbia county, N. Y.,

HAVING ENGAGED IN THE MUSICAL DEpartment in connection with Prof. Martin, Madame Stephani, the celebrated vocalist, who was for five years a teacher in Mrs. Willard's Seminary, can offer to those desiring vocal culture advantages hitherto unsurpassed. Twelve instructors in the other departments. $40 per term of 14 weeks. Fall term opens September 14th.

Ladies desiring to teach furnished situations.
For Catalogues, address REV. A. FLACK, A.M.,
611-613L Principal.

MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, Pittsfield, Mass., in a location of unsurpassed beauty and salubrity, six hours from New York, with grounds and buildings that rival those of the best colleges, and a Gymnasium—the finest in New England—with a permanent corps of able Professors, and ample facilities for illustration, commences its Thirty-ninth semi-annual Session October 4th.

The Institution has always enjoyed a very considerable Southern and Western patronage.

For further information address REV. C. V. SPEAR, Principal, or REV. JOHN TODD, D.D., President Board of Trustees, Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 14, 1860. 611-615

FRENCH INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG GENTLEmen, No. 92 Irving place, between Fulton avenue and Hanson place, Brooklyn. The Fall Term commences Sept. 3d. The French will be the Language of the School. For Circulars, etc., address as above. L. J. SIMONIN and T. P. CORBALLY, Principals. 612-621*

A LADY WISHES A SITUATION IN A SCHOOL or Family to teach the higher English branches, Latin, and Music. Address ERNA, Box 1,996,
613* New Haven, Ct.

WEST HAVEN MALE SEMINARY.—THE FALL Term will commence the second Wednesday in September next. Additions to buildings are now completed, including Gymnasium. School flourishing; location unsurpassed; Principal much experienced in teaching; pupils board with the Principal; charges moderate. For catalogues address
R. QUINCY BROWN,
610-613* West Haven, Ct.

FLUSHING INSTITUTE, FLUSHING, L. I.—The next term of this Boarding-School for Boys will begin September 10th.
For Circular, etc., apply to E. A. FAIRCHILD.
610-614*

MRS. BENJAMIN'S FAMILY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Brookfield, Mass., will reopen on the 15th of September.
REFERENCES: Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston and New York; Prof. J. Tatlock, Williamstown, Mass.; Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, D.D., New York. For circulars apply as above.
610-613*

MISS HAINES

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HER FRIENDS and the public that her School will commence on THURSDAY, Sept. 20th. A punctual attendance of her pupils is respectfully requested. Circulars can be obtained at her residence, No. 10 Gramercy park, (East Twentieth street.) Applications for the admission of pupils to her school can be made by letter until the 1st of September. After that date, Miss Haines will be at Home to attend to them in person.
606-618Pet

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LAdies, Bridgeport, Ct. The Fall Term will commence Sept. 4th. For circulars, address the Principal, Miss EMILY NELSON. 612-620*

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LAdies, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The next annual session of this very select Family School will begin on the 19th Sept. For catalogues and references address the Principal,
611-614 REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A.M.

LAW SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

The school year commences with next term, September 19th. For Circulars address H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill. 610-616*

ROCKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE.—THE Next Academic Year of this popular Seminary, delightfully situated on the banks of the Hudson, two hours' ride from the City, will begin Sept. 13th. Those who desire to avail themselves of the advantages of the superior intellectual, moral, and physical training of this Institution, should apply immediately to L. D. & C. F. MANSFIELD, Principals, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

P. S.—The Annual Catalogue and Circular may be obtained of T. C. BROWNE, Esq., No. 699 Broadway; or by addressing the Principals. 610-614

ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY, CANANDAIGUA, N. Y. E. G. TYLER and B. RICHARDS, Principals.

The Trustees are happy to announce the association of the former Principal, Mr. E. G. Tyler, with the present Principal in the future management of this Institution. Its reputation under the former direction of Mr. Tyler, as also that of the Pittsfield Ladies' Institute, with which he was previously connected, are a guaranty for the character of the Institution under the present arrangement. With unhesitating confidence, therefore, this time-honored Seminary is commended to the attention of parents and guardians. The 36th annual session will open Sept. 6th. For Circulars, terms, etc., apply to Gen. L. A. Granger, Rev. O. E. Daggett, D.D., Hon. H. W. Taylor, Rev. W. Ayrault, Trustees, or to the Principals.
Canandaigua, July 18, 1860. 608-3teow*

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, OF BROOKLYN HEIGHTS,
No. 166 Pierrepont street, corner of Clinton.
ALFRED GREENLEAF, A.M., } Principals.
EDWARD E. BRADBURY, A.M., }
This first-class Boarding and Day School will recommence its regular sessions Sept. 10th.
Twenty-three years of uniform success in the same community, an able corps of well-furnished teachers, and untiring, persevering energy, are our guarantees for the future. Circulars forwarded. 611-616

Brooklyn Hights Seminary.

NOS. 88 AND 90 MONTAGUE PLACE,
Brooklyn, New York.

This popular and useful Institution for the Education of Young Ladies, founded by the late Prof. Alonzo Gray, LL.D., has been in successful operation for nine years past. Pupils have been drawn to it from all parts of the country, and it has always maintained the highest rank as a school.

It is henceforth, in consequence of the death of Prof. Gray, to be under the charge of Prof. Charles E. West, LL.D., heretofore, for more than twenty years, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, in the city of New York, and of a similar institution in the city of Buffalo. It is his design to conduct the Seminary on the same generous and comprehensive plan which has always distinguished it, and to make it in all respects as deserving in the future as it has been in the past, of the patronage of parents who seek for their daughters a sound and polished education.

Most of the accomplished teachers heretofore employed in this Institution, will continue in charge of their respective departments. The Senior Department will be under the direct charge of the Principal, assisted by Miss A. G. Hoadley, who for many years has held the highest position in the Spingler Institute in New York.

Ample arrangements have been made for pupils who may desire to board in the family of the Principal. Such pupils will be under the special care of Mrs. West, who speaks two or more modern languages, has had a large experience in the management of young ladies, and whose constant attention will be given to promote their welfare. Mlle. Millon, the excellent French Teacher of the Seminary, will reside in the family of the Principal, and will make the French language, as far as practicable, the medium of conversation.

The Fall Term of the Seminary will open on Monday, September 10th.

Applications for admission, or for circulars giving more particular information, may be made to Prof. West, at Buffalo, until the first week in August, and after that at Brooklyn.

R. S. STORRS, JR.,
President of Board of Visitors.

Persons from abroad who may wish to make inquiry concerning the School, are respectfully referred to either of the following gentlemen:

Isaac Ferris, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University, New York.
Chas. Loomis, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics, do.
Horace Webster, LL.D., Pres. Free Academy, N. Y.
Rev. J. J. Owen, D.D., Prof. of Greek Language, do.
Rev. Jas. Hamilton, D.D., New York.
Rev. William Adams, D.D., "
Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., "
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606-616

MUSIC, PIANOS, ETC.

Raven, Bacon & Co.

OVERSTRUNG PIANOS.

We are now offering, on favorable terms, a full assortment of Piano-Fortes, all of which are of our own manufacture, and warranted in every respect. By permission we refer to the undersigned parties, who, from personal experience for many years, can recommend our instruments, as to their quality and durability:

WINDOW, LANIER & Co. E. D. MORGAN & Co.
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MERRICK & BULL. JOSEPH FOULKE'S SONS.
CARY, HOWARD, SANGER & Co. IVISON, PHINNEY & Co.

And others.

WAREROOMS, NO. 135 GRAND ST., near BROADWAY.
612-634

PIANOS, MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS, and all kinds of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC-BOOKS, and all kinds of Musical Merchandize, at the lowest possible prices. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, from $25 to $150. Pianos and Melodeons to rent, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same.
586-638 HORACE WATERS, Agt., No. 333 Broadway.

GOLD MEDAL GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS, STEINWAY & SONS, Manufacturers, No. 84 Walker street, near Broadway, N. Y. Received the highest premium when and wherever they brought their Pianos in competition with the best makers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Among the judges were GOTTSCHALK, W. MASON, WOLLENHAUPT.
Every PIANO warranted for three years. Prices moderate.
580-631X

INSURANCE.

SECURITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 31 PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL $500,000.
CHEAPEST AND SAFEST INSURANCE.
DEALERS RECEIVE
75 PER CT. OF NET PROFITS.
When preferred, a Discount from the Premium will be made in lieu of participation in Net Profits.

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JOSEPH WALKER, Pres't.
THOS. W. BIRDSALL, Vice-Pres't.
R. L. HAYDOCK, Secretary. 583-634*

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 108 BROADWAY, corner of Pine street. *CASH CAPITAL*, $300,000. This Company, having a cash capital exceeded by those of only three other city companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and insured.

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ROBERT C. RAWDON, Assistant Secretary. 575-626*

JULY, 1860.

THE INSURED PARTICIPATE IN THE PROFITS, WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE, No. 18 WALL STREET.

STOCK CAPITAL, (all paid in and securely invested,) $500,000 00
Assets, July 1, 1860..... 982,306 28
Liabilities, July 1, 1860..... 14,732 44

INSURES BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, RENTS, LEASES, AND OTHER INSURABLE PROPERTY, AGAINST FIRE, AT RATES CHARGED BY OTHER SOLVENT INSTITUTIONS.

☞ Three-fourths of the net profits of the business of this Company are divided annually to holders of its Policies, in Scrip bearing interest, and such profits carefully invested for the additional security of the insured, until the fund thus accumulated shall have reached the sum of $500,000, making the Cash guarantee of the Company $1,000,000; and, thereafter, the Scrip will be redeemed as rapidly and to the extent that the profits accruing to the policy-holders exceed the sum of $500,000.

First Annual Division to Policy-Holders, declared July 9, 1857	33½ per cent.
Second Annual Division to Policy-Holders, declared July 8, 1858	50 "
Third Annual Division to Policy-Holders, declared July 14, 1859	50 "
Fourth Annual Division to Policy-Holders, declared July 12, 1860	45 "
Interest Dividend in Cash, to Holders of Scrip of 1857, declared July 8, 1858	6 per cent.
Interest Dividend in Cash, to Holders of Scrip of 1857 and 1858, declared July 14, 1859	6 "
Interest Dividend in Cash, to Holders of Scrip of 1857, 1858, and 1859, declared July 12, 1860	6 "

NOTE.—As the yearly issues of Scrip already number several *thousands*, and annually increase, and as, while using all safe diligence, a long time is necessarily occupied in their preparation, the MONTH of SEPTEMBER, as the earliest practicable period, has been definitely fixed upon for the *issue of Scrip, and payment of Interest*.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.
CYRUS PECK, Assistant Secretary.
New York, July 12, 1860. 609tfG

PHŒNIX
Fire Insurance Company,
Of Brooklyn, New York.
BRANCH OFFICE, NO. 62 WALL ST.

CASH CAPITAL..... $200,000
SURPLUS..... 90,000
TOTAL ASSETS..... $290,000

This Office offers ample security to all parties desiring to insure their property against loss by fire. The business of the Office is not confined to the cities of New York and Brooklyn, but applications for Insurance are solicited and Insurances effected in various parts of the Union, through their agents, or by direct application to the New York office; and in the settlement of Losses a liberal policy has always been extended to the insured.

F. WHITAKER,
State Agent for Wisconsin, at Janesville.
GEORGE C. DAVIES,
General Western Agent, at Cincinnati, Ohio.
STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary. 584-635

HOME
Insurance Company of New York.
Office. 119 & 114 Broadway

Cash Capital, One Million Dollars.

ASSETS, 1st JAN., 1860, $1,458,396 28.
LIABILITIES " " 42,580 43.

This Company continues to Insure Buildings, Furniture, etc., against loss or damage by FIRE, *on favorable terms.*

DIRECTORS:

William G. Lambert,	I. H. Frothingham,	Anos T. Dwight,
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CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice President.
J. MILTON SMITH, Secretary
576-627

DIVIDEND.

Security Fire Insurance Company.

Capital	$500,000
Surplus, August 1, 1860	133,584
	$633,584
Liabilities	$6,400

☞ THE DIRECTORS HAVE THIS DAY DECLARED a semi-annual CASH DIVIDEND OF FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT. on the capital stock of this Company, payable on demand; and also a "Dividend to Policy-Holders" of 27 per cent. on the earned premiums of all "Participating Policies," (according to terms of agreement,) for which scrip will be issued on first October next.

JOSEPH WALKER, President.
T. W. BIRDSALL, Vice-President.
R. L. HAYDOCK, Secretary. 611-614

NEW YORK
Life Insurance Company,
Nos. 112 and 114 BROADWAY, New York.

Accumulated Assets..... $1,767,133 24
Income from premiums and interest on investments in

The Independent.

THE GREAT SHIP GONE.

The Great Eastern sailed from New York on Thursday last for England. She was released from her moorings at a late hour in the afternoon, and steamed down the bay without detention or accident, and at more than moderate speed. We saw her as she passed the small islands in the upper Bay. She appeared dingier than ever; her water-line befouled, her great sides mottled and spotty, her smoke-pipes rusty, her bulwarks scratched and scarred, and the only clean thing about her a new American flag floating from the mainmast.

Her going was different from her coming. Seven weeks before, when the telegraph announced one morning her arrival at Sandy Hook, and that at three o'clock in the afternoon she would come up with the tide, in a few hours, without any preconcerted arrangement, the Bay was covered with vessels of every description, crowded with men, women, and children shouting and waving handkerchiefs, while the shores from the Narrows to the Battery were fringed with spectators, and every pier along the North River from Castle Garden to Hammond street was covered with enthusiastic multitudes. But the great ship did not float long upon the flood-tide of popularity. A dollar a ticket for admission checked the enthusiasm of the thousands who were eager for an early chance of setting their feet upon her decks. But the steamer finally weathered this first blunder of the Directors, only to run ashore on a second and worse. The Cape May excursion was a doleful history which seemed to be written all over her rusty iron sides as she sailed away from us on Thursday last. The great crowds that gathered to "welcome the coming" dwindled wonderfully down to "speed the parting guest."

But we are not to charge to the great hulk or great engines any of the blame which belongs to the little generosity and little skill of her directors, officers, and caterers. The experiment of Brunel may prove a success, although the experiment of Cox proved a failure. We cannot but think that the splendid hulk has been ill-used by those who pretended to take care of it. An American captain of a second-rate brig would lose his place after one voyage if he were to keep his vessel as dirty as the Great Eastern appeared to visiters during every day of her public exhibition. But notwithstanding all the discredit justly due and freely given to the great body of inefficients who have been the managers or rather the mismanagers of the great ship, and of her exhibitions and excursions, we must not forget the honor due to Russel, whose plans of the steamer included no such unhappy design as Cape May, and the equal honor due to his heroic co-laborer now beyond the reach of blame or praise, Brunel in his grave.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Messrs. Editors: Two of your recent editorials (July 26th and August 9th) have called attention to this Seminary. The first contained a warm commendation of one of its chief peculiarities; the second a single sentence which might convey an erroneous impression. You remark, "We fear that our Chicago brethren will one day find their city too large, if they do not also find their course too brief and broken, for the best purposes of training."

In speaking of the *brevity* of the course, you probably overlook the fact that our students have [illegible] to the effect. In our students have an assigned course of study while with the pastors, on which they are examined at their return. The year is divided thus: the lecture term, (during which the students are in attendance at the Seminary,) extending from the first Wednesday of October to the last Thursday of April; a vacation of four weeks; the reading term occupying the remainder of the year till the beginning of the next lecture term. During this reading term the students are expected to be occupied somewhat as pastors are, dividing their time between study and other duties. Now the lecture term alone is but about four and a half weeks less than the whole year's study at Union Theological Seminary, and between eight and nine weeks less than that of Andover. Add to this the studies of the reading term, and the whole amount of application required is probably quite equal at least to that of Union, and approaches more nearly to that of Andover than perhaps you were thinking.

The evils of being located in a large city thus far do not manifest themselves. The students are as diligent and as alert in their studies as in a rural place. They are mature men, who know for what they come here, and pursue their purpose. In truth, it is a little difficult to decide what is the greatest surrounding population that is compatible with "the best purposes of training"—whether it shall be 7,000 as at Andover, 23,000 as at New Haven, or 250,000 as at Berlin, the brilliant literary and scientific center of Europe. My own opinions have undergone some modification on this point; and I am now satisfied that the location of this Seminary is, *in view of its relations and purposes*, a wise one. Not only is it in the midst of its patrons, present and prospective, and in the center of access, but both its Faculty and students are at the point of contact with the heart of pastors and churches in the Northwest, and at the post of communication, observation, and influence. The young men, coming mainly from rural places, are without effort made familiar with a wide range of practical knowledge, and acquire the additional confidence and pliancy that accompany it. They are brought in healthful, useful contact with Christian families, Sabbath-schools, churches, and ministers. They are made to witness and to share some of the most wise and efficient methods of doing good. And so far as has been observed, the keen and stirring influences all around are felt rather in stimulating and sharpening their intellectual faculties than in diverting them from study. Meanwhile the singular clustering of Theological Seminaries at this point is not only indicative of its fitness, as recognized by diverse and skillful judges, but the pledge of a public sentiment and a professional zeal favorable to the best success of each. This peculiarity, at first a theme of newspaper gossip, may prove a very substantial benefit.

In some of its features the Seminary may undergo modifications, should they be found needful;—its directors are not wedded to any set of notions, but are seeking to do the very best thing for the churches. And no intelligent man can look upon its relations to this great body of Western Congregational churches, already numbering more than nine hundred, and rapidly increasing, without the conviction that no Seminary in the land occupies a more commanding position, or if wisely managed and fully endowed, has before it a brighter future. There is a good number of students in prospect for the coming year.

Chicago, August 15, 1860. B.

RETRENCHMENT.—HOW IT IS DONE.

The following is taken from a letter of Rev. E. E. Bliss, written just after returning from the annual meeting of the mission at Kharpoot. It shows the spirit with which our missionaries are meeting the difficulties of the "financial crisis." As we read it we seem to see the mission passing through its heaviest trials; *heavy*, because of the feeling, which cannot be avoided, that a very little more effort on the part of Christians in this country would have averted the trial. No "perils among the heathen" need be mentioned as *trials* in comparison with the scenes in that mission meeting.

The brief record of the minutes that "the examination of the Estimates for 1861 occupied the entire day," on Friday, June 1st, and a part of Saturday also, can give but a faint impression of the earnest and laborious attention given to that subject. The task appointed us, to reduce the estimate for next year $6,000 below the appropriations for the present year, was one from which every man's heart shrank. In past years we had reduced our estimates to what seemed to us the lowest point at which our work could live. These estimates had been still further reduced at the Missionary House in the appropriations for 1860. And now we were called upon to reduce *nine* per cent. more upon those reduced appropriations—to cramp still further our already cramped work, to shut our ears to all calls to new enterprises, to turn away our eyes from all new harvests, however invitingly they might wave their golden treasures, to contrive how and where we could retrench, with least injury, the work already existing. Necessity was laid upon us, and we set ourselves as resolutely as possible to our task. Perhaps on that very day, June 1st, some of our fellow-disciples in America were spending, or laying plans to spend, in indulgences that might have been spared, the whole of the $6,000 we were required to reduce. Would that they could have been with us, would that others of our fellow-disciples could have been with us and heard the earnest pleas of this missionary and that for his work, as one station after another came under the knife.

"Under the Knife."

The salary of one native preacher was "only one hundred and twenty dollars," "one degree above starvation point," the man had been "under training for his work seven years," "was exceedingly useful," "if dismissed would be obliged to go back to his trade and be lost to the work." Still his $120 must be, and was, struck out. Another's salary was reduced from $164 to $144—and $20 saved. Another salary of $72 was struck off. An item of $436 expense for five schools was reduced to $288, and two of the schools disbanded; $30 was asked to cover the expense of a teacher who should go from house to house and teach adults, mothers of families and others, to read God's Word. It was reduced to $20, and $10 was saved; $200 was asked to enable a missionary to gather the more promising young girls from different parts of the field, and do something to train them for teachers in schools, or to become the wives of native helpers. The missionary had set his heart upon it, it was his "little ewe lamb." He pleaded for it—for *half* the sum—for a *quarter*, but no, this item could be dispensed with, and less harm follow than in other cases, and it was cut off. Thus the work went on. Every item was carefully scrutinized, and whenever there was room for a question in regard to the absolute necessity for any expenditure, the question was raised, and it was vigorously though kindly pruned. The whole estimates were subjected to three successive examinations—once by a committee and twice by the meeting—before the required reduction could be accomplished. At length, to the relief of every heart, it was announced that the prescribed limits were reached. The deed was done. If the result is good, we will rejoice in it; *if evil, we feel that the responsibility is not with us.*

RETURN OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

The friends of Art in this country will be glad to learn that Mr. William Page has returned to New York, from Europe, and will hereafter make this city his permanent residence. Too many of our artists stray off to Italy or Paris, and while indulging in the intellectual and social attractions of the old capitals of Europe, miss the golden opportunities for distinction which await them at home. It is worth the while of our young artists to remember that the most distinguished members of their fraternity have never been in Europe, and possibly never may go there. Elliott, the first among our portrait painters, was born in the state of New York, was a pupil of the National Academy, and has never wielded his brush except in this city. He owes nothing to Europe. Church, who is at the head of our landscape painters, if not of all landscapists, is a native of Connecticut, and learned his art in New York. He has traveled extensively over his native continent in pursuit of subjects for his pencil, but he has never felt the need of European study. W. S. Mount is the most celebrated artist of *genre* painters, and he, too, is a native of New York, a pupil of the National Academy, and another home-loving youth whose homely thoughts have required no foreign polishing to give them currency among his countrymen.

We might enumerate many other examples; but these seem to prove that there is no absolute need for our artists to go to Paris, Duesseldorf, or Rome to arrive at the highest eminence in their profession.

Mr. Page had established his reputation before ever he crossed the Atlantic, and the works he has executed in Rome, great as their merits are, do no more than sustain the expectation which his earlier performances had warranted. Mr. Page is a native of Albany, and another of the distinguished pupils of the National Academy during the Presidency of Mr. Morse. The severe accuracy and beauty of his drawings gained him the highest honors of the Academy while he was a pupil; but his master predicted that he would fail as a colorist. The first picture he exhibited, however, proved the fallacy of this judgment. The brilliancy of his color at once attracted the attention of the public, and the dignified treatment of his portraits, and the deep religious sentiment of his historical compositions, made him at once famous. No American artist ever attained so sudden a reputation, or so worthily sustained his early promises. His fondness for the serious subjects of Scriptural history was early exhibited in a Holy Family, painted, we believe, in 1835, and now among the collection of the Boston Athenæum; a composition remarkable for its expression and the brilliancy of its color.

But great as his success had been, Mr. Page was very far from being satisfied with his achievement. Like Reynolds, he had a devotional love for Titian and the religious school of Venetian art, and, in aiming to discover the secret of color of the great hierarch of painters, he made a good many experiments, some of which, like those of Reynolds, were failures, though they led eventually to the attainment of the object to which he so religiously devoted himself. Eleven years ago he left New York for Europe, his object being to study the great masterpieces of Titian. After a brief stay in Paris, he pushed on to Florence, where he remained some three years, visiting Venice occasionally, and then took up his residence in Rome. He made a few copies of some of Titian's heads, to fill orders that had been given him in New York, which are said to be perfect marvels, not as imitations or copies, but reproductions. When placed by the side of the originals, it was impossible to tell which was the copy. But, it was not the aim of the artist to copy Titian, or to imitate his method; he worked to accomplish similar effects by his own methods. Robert Browning and other English authors in Italy who have seen the pictures painted by Mr. Page in Florence and Rome, have awarded him the very highest praise that could be bestowed upon a painter. The last great picture which he executed in Rome was on one of the grandest themes in the Old Testament, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses. We are glad to learn that this picture is now on the way to New York, where it will probably be exhibited to the public.

It is a good sign for art when painters like George L. Brown and William Page, after residing so many years in Italy, find it to their interest, and in consonance with their inclinations, to come back to New York and set up their easels among their own countrymen. West and Leslie found their home in London, and they would probably have failed to receive the patronage from their own countrymen which foreigners so liberally bestowed upon them. But times have greatly changed since they went abroad, and there is no longer such necessity for our young artists to go to Europe either for the purpose of study or in pursuit of patrons.

AN APPEAL FOR THE STRIPED JACKETS.

Twelve hundred poor fellows, on whom has unhappily fallen the State's uniform of striped trowsers and jackets, are now cramped within the stone walls and iron doors of the Prison at Sing Sing. The larger part of these are young men, under thirty years, who are now suffering their first sentence, and repenting their first crime. Hundreds of them have good-natured, intelligent, honest-looking faces, showing fewer features of the rogue than many a man's that never was seen inside a state's prison. Their crimes, in a great majority of instances, have grown out of an over glass of wine rather than any cool forethought of knavery. But now that the criminals are safely housed against further opportunities of wrong-doing, their human feelings need to be met with human sympathies, their minds need to receive culture like other men's minds; their hearts need to be touched like other human hearts.

If any person would like to do them a kindness, there is now an opportunity. The poor fellows spend their week days under the eyes of their taskmasters, industriously at work in quarry, factory, or furnace. But every man has only a stipulated amount of work to do, which when he has done, his whole day's work is done; and he is allowed the remaining hours of the daylight (if there be any) for his own leisure. Many of the intelligent men become so skillful at their trades that they win for themselves two or three hours of spare time every afternoon, which they are eager to spend over the pages of some attractive book, fitted to beguile the weariness of their imprisonment. But the library of the Prison contains hardly books enough to furnish an ordinary Sunday-school; and these are dingy volumes that have gone the rounds of the Prison, out from one cell into another, until the board covers of some of them are worn thin by hard use. Two-thirds of the convicts are hungering and thirsting for something new to read. Many of the young men—who never felt the need of books before they knew what it was to pass the long, solitary Sunday afternoons in the unbroken loneliness of their cells—now look forward to Sunday as the dreariest day of all the week—for which they would rather exchange the stone-quarry or the iron-foundry. Ought not a book be given to every man who is willing to read?

Now if the reader of these lines has any books on his shelves which he can afford to spare for the prisoners, will he take the trouble to send them to the venerable Father Luckey, chaplain in the Prison at Sing Sing, or to Abraham Beal, the well-known agent of the Prison Association, at No. 15 Center street, New York, or to the writer at the Office of *The Independent*, No. 5 Beekman street? For any suitable books—including, for instance, history, biography, elementary science, the better class of fiction, and practical, unsectarian religious works—the giver will receive the thanks of hundreds of solitary men to whom a book is the only visitor, except the jailer, that is allowed to enter their cells.

Theodore Tilton.

LATEST NEWS.

FOREIGN.

St. John's, Newfoundland, August 20th.

The Cunard steam-ship Arabia, which left Liverpool August 11th, and Queenstown on the 12th, passed Cape Race at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, en route for Halifax and Boston. She was intercepted by the news yacht of the Associated Press, and the regular dispatch obtained.

The bill providing for fortifications, after considerable opposition, was passed to a second reading.

Mr. Laing moved to vote £60,000 to the Galway line, being ten months' subsidy. He contended that Parliament could not now withhold its assent to the contract, however impolitic it might originally have been.

Garibaldi still remained at Messina, where he was preparing his forces for his contemplated descent upon the mainland.

There had been over four hundred arrests at Damuscus, of persons implicated in the late horrible massacres. Immediate trial was had of all culprits, and those found guilty were speedily executed. The city was tranquil, and the authority of the Sultan, under the effect of vigorous measures, was again returning.

Threatened outbreaks in Salonica and Aleppo had been prevented.

Constantinople advices confirm the discovery of a conspiracy against the life of the Grand Vizier. Several persons of high standing were compromised.

The sale of gunpowder had been prohibited at Constantinople.

DOMESTIC.

More Fillibustering.—A dispatch from New Orleans informs us that General Walker had effected a landing at Truxillo, and captured the town. One of Walker's schooners, the Clifton, was captured at Honduras, by a British vessel, and sent to New Orleans.

The Great Eastern at Halifax.—The steam-ship Great Eastern arrived at half-past four P. M. on Saturday last, in forty-eight hours from New York, and sailed at 9 A.M. of Sunday for Milford Haven.

Montreal, Aug. 28th.—The price of board at the prominent hotels in Montreal during the Prince of Wales's visit here will be the same as usual, $2 50 per day. Accommodation for six hundred persons can be obtained at $2 per day.

California.—We have California dates of the 8th inst. J. W. Denver, Ex-Governor of Kansas, in a long letter, supports Mr. Douglas for the Presidency, and there is talk of making Gov. Downey a Douglas elector, which, it was thought, would strengthen the ticket greatly in the state. A Bell and Everett State Convention for the nomination of an electoral ticket was to meet on the 5th of September, the same day upon which the Douglas Convention meets.

A "Sarpint" at Large.—A large black anaconda, supposed to be the same that escaped from the Museum of Natural History in Cambridge, some six weeks ago, made his appearance in a garden on Walnut street, Somerville, says *The Journal*. Two little girls first saw the reptile and ran to the house, where one fainted from fright. Search was made, and the "varmint" was discovered planted under the barn of Mr. Abram Moore, where he at present remains secure. From the commotion among the fowls in the barn, and the occasional disappearance of one, it is supposed he regales himself by eating them.—*Boston Trav.*

Commercial and Financial.

Independence.

There never was a moment when the entire business community more needed wisdom and the exercise of extreme caution than the present. We refer to both city and country. The clouds of speculation, at present no bigger than a man's hand, are beginning to form, and unless there is a check, a serious holding back, a resolute conservative movement on the part of merchants, bankers, and all business men, the troubles which will follow at no distant day will be overwhelming. We are not among those whose mouths are always filled with wailings and croakings—on the contrary, we are disposed to gaze upon the bright side of the picture, and to be more than hopeful in regard to the future.

"Owe no man anything," is a divine injunction, and there is none in Holy Writ more in harmony with the best interests of all than this. And yet there is probably no teaching in the inspired book more disregarded.

It is now generally admitted that this country, as a whole, is entering upon a career of prosperity unparalleled in its history. The great West is once more erect, and is literally burdened with every element of wealth and prosperity. New England is all alive, equally in her agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing interests. Her Lowells and her Manchesters are growing and multiplying as never before. Our railroads are crowded with business. Our ships are no longer idle. Even the slave-trade, (which, under Buchanan, has become a reality worthy of the special notice of the Nassau-street Tract Society,) as well as every other branch of trade, both internal and international, is active and remunerative. The question now is, and we put it to all business men, Are we again to rush headlong into debt? What shall be the *rule* by which the business men of the nation shall now be governed?

Let us begin with the Government. Where is to be the stopping place in *borrowing* money? Are we to go on piling up millions upon millions of public debt until, like England, France, and Austria, we are walled in, permeated, and bowed down with burdens from which there will be no hope of relief or redemption? Are all our brilliant prospects thus to be dashed away by the hands of unprincipled politicians and Presidential gamblers? No! No!! a thousand times we say No!! And may the thundering November voice of the people utter a protest against such madness and folly which shall be heard and felt from Ocean to Gulf and from Gulf to Ocean.

Are our states to be caught in the trap of these same political gamblers and robbers? Are we to legislate into life and being all sorts of extravagance, and then pay up with a flooded market of stocks and bonds? Where will the Empire State be in a few years under such an administration of its affairs? Where will be old Massachusetts, or Ohio—where will Virginia and Missouri soon be, unless they immediately put on the brakes, and switch off to the track of *safety?* Where will every state be (excepting old Connecticut and a few others where they have rulers and governors who can neither be bribed, bought, nor frightened by politicians) if such recklessness is not frowned upon and stopped?

Are our cities and counties to begin a "series of improvements" which are to be paid for by borrowing money? Are "gridiron railroads" to be voted as a free gift into the streets and great thoroughfares of our debt-burdened cities, in order to put millions of money into the hands of a few unprincipled speculators? Are our common (scoundrels) councils to be permitted to vote money out of the treasury—a hundred thousand in a lump—with which to entertain a few worthy "colored people from Japan," debauch themselves, make a great row, and then coolly tell us to *borrow* the amount necessary to foot the bill? Is that the right kind of financiering?

Are our railroads about to begin a new career of "liberal management" by borrowing money for "improvements" and *borrowing* money to pay *dividends?* Are new railroads to be built through every Western prairie door-yard without a copper of *bona fide* capital, except what is borrowed in Wall street at destruction rates? Are our merchants now about to let out sail, "go in big," give long credits, and rush headlong into difficulty, expecting to "get through" by borrowing? Are our farmers to run into debt again for lands, and mortgage their homesteads to build railroads? Are debts to be piled upon debts until the whole nation shall groan and travail again in bankruptcy, and the people wildly stare at each other a mighty host of *borrowers?* What say?

Now is the time to answer. We mean you, President Buchanan, and you, (who are to be,) President Lincoln, and demand that in the exercise of your power you shall firmly resolve that henceforth the "pay-as-you-go" principle shall be unflinchingly adopted. We mean you, Governor Morgan, of this glorious Empire state, and you, every other Governor, whoever you are, and demand that the myriads of leeches which hang around you and our legislative halls, crying give, give, shall be spurned from your presence, and sent to—their own place. We demand that your feet shall be planted upon all debt-making enactments, and that you speedily inaugurate a new policy of debt *liquidation.*

We mean you, Mayor Wood, your honor, as one above all others who seems bent on the most extravagant expenditure of the people's money for most corrupt party purposes, with no thought whatever of where said money is to come from. We mean you, *certainly*, your honor. We mean you, banker in Wall street, about to make a new loan with which to bolster yourself in another grand speculation. We mean you, stock-speculators, whose only capital is *brass*,—you, bulls and bears, the whole animal race of you, *dealers* in Erie, Harlem, Pumpkin Vine, Lower Region, Moonshine, and Submarine railroad "securities." Please stop where you are, for we have "positive advices" that all said securities are going to *smash*. We mean you, merchant princes, at this particular long-desired moment of returning prosperity, and warn you to shun the terrible maelstrom into which thousands in 1857 sank to rise no more. We mean you, whoever you are, who are making plans to do business on borrowed capital. Beware—step carefully! We mean you, young men with fast horses and unsettled tailors' bills—you who drink and smoke out more than half your salary, and expect your bootmaker, laundress, boarding-house keeper, and your poor father perhaps, to stand by as sufferers and mourners. We mean ministers as well as laymen; we mean everybody;—yes, we mean women as well as men (and urge them to owe no *man* anything but love.) We mean you in the city, you in the country, you in the village, you in the work-shop, and you by the fireside, and urge you no longer to swell the ranks of borrowers and debtors, but now at this auspicious moment, in this unparalleled season of prosperity now dawning upon us, to make one grand struggle for INDEPENDENCE.

The European Harvest.

The state of the crops in Europe is such as to be of great importance to us just now. We therefore give from a London authority the latest advices. The prospects are of continued high prices in England, which will encourage shipments from this country for a long time to come. Our superabundant crop comes at a time when it is most wanted.

From The Mark Lane Express, August 6th.

The weather of the past week, though below the usual temperature, and cloudy, with some rain, has further improved the appearance of the crops, and has been more calculated to produce a better sample than a very hot sun. It is not, however, expected that any wheat will be cut till about the middle of August, and some districts in the north complain of its not yet being in ear. Accounts very much vary as to the ultimate prospects of the yield, but generally less than an average is expected. Much of the best barley is laid, and the entire growth varies considerably, though the breadth sown was large. A good deal more hay has been carted, much discolored, but much of the crop is still out. The potato disease is said by the largest growers to be advancing rapidly. Some taint appears also in Ireland, as well as in Belgium. Spain, like Northern Italy, finds a smaller yield of wheat than was expected, though both countries have fine samples, and this is the case with the south of France."

The new Odessa Ghirka weighs fully 62 lbs. ℔ bushel, but in Hungary, Normandy, Belgium, and Holland variable weather has kept the crops backward, and prices fluctuating. In America, as well as Southern Russia, there is both quality and quantity this year, and the Baltic, if backward, does not send many complaints, though prices keep high. Our own markets, from the improvement of the weather and more liberal supplies of foreign, have been dull, but pretty well sustained in consequence of the diminution of the stocks in the country. Even if further liberal supplies are to be expected, a change to bad weather would produce a large business at full prices; while no increased consumption of foreign, though with fine weather, must, we think, prevent any serious decline till the new crop appears in quantity. And this is but a distant expectation.

The arrivals off the coast since the 27th ult., were four cargoes, of which three cargoes were wheat and one cargo maize.

The sales noted last week were 38,964 quarters wheat, at 57s., against 66,943 in 1859. The London averages were 61s. 9d. on 2,057 quarters. The arrivals into the principal ports of Great Britain for the year ending 24th, in wheat and flour, were equal to 182,050 quarters, including 27,507 colonial.

Wall-street Fire Insurance Company.

The Superintendent of the Insurance Department has made a special report adverse to the continuance of the business of this company, and calls the special attention of the Attorney-General to its condition. Its securities are stated to be insufficient.

Money Market.

The market in Wall street, which is the reservoir of supply for the whole country, is well supplied, and the demand, though increasing, is still within healthy limits. The course of the market has been, is, and is likely to continue, smooth and even. There is no puzzle at all about it. Credit is not unduly expanded, though the bank loans range high. The transactions of the country have become greatly enlarged, because more commodities are produced and consumed, more imported and exported. Money is only wanted to settle balances of exchanges, and that need not increase to the extent of the whole volume of exchanges as valued in the money of account, but only in proportion to the increase of the differences between the exchanges. It is the abundance of the commodities constantly exchanging that regulates and measures, and not money alone. Bank loans appear by the last returns to be stationary; while the specie is running down, owing to the activity of the specie export demand.

The rates for the use of money are low, but are tending gradually upwards. Money is not easy on call at 5 per cent., as it was, and many brokers have to pay 6 or even 7 per cent. Discount rates rule at 5½@6 per cent. for 60 day prime grade acceptances: 6@7 do. for 4 to 6 months do.; 6½@8 do. for single names.

In foreign exchange bankers' bill are firmer, and rates tend slightly upwards.

	60-days.	Sight.
Sterling bills	109⅞@110	110⅜@111
Francs	5 16¼@5.12½	5.11¼@5.10½
Hamburg	36⅞@37½	37⅜
Amsterdam	41⅝@41¾	.....
Bremen	79¼@79¾	.....

Commercial bills, mostly drawn against grain shipments, are plentiful on the market, and are offered at lower rates, though bankers' bill are less abundant.

Our importations are large, though less than at the corresponding period of last year, and the exports from this port are much greater, though those from Southern ports are, as usual at this period, small.

At New Orleans, we observe, there are money difficulties, and the rate of discount for short-dated paper is as high as 10 per cent.

All the advices from the West speak of unimaginable quantities of wheat and corn, which will bless all consumers at home and abroad. The quantity is so great that the Southern and foreign demand will not have the effect of creating high prices.

The movement of specie from the 1st of January to August 12th, is as follows:

	1860.	1859.
Exports hence and via Boston	$31,536,259	$50,234,806
Receipts from California	22,564,361	24,400,790
Excess of exports over receipts	$9,271,898	.....

Stocks.

A sort of collapse is taking place in the stock market. Prices for the week show a marked decline, and the daily transactions have fallen off 50@60 per cent. The speculators are brought to a halt. The non-dividend-paying stocks, on which the rise was so great, have halted. A large quantity have been resold. Many have realized a profit, and many a loss. The mania has not been confined to New York, but parties in Chicago and Boston and other distant places, have sent in orders to buy, expecting higher prices in the fall, when the receipts of produce are expected to be greater, so as to swell the railroad earnings, already much greater than in 1859. Then it is the intention to realize, but as all the speculators look forward to realizing as their ultimate paradise, they cannot fail to be disappointed, unless the demand for permanent investment be active, which it is not now likely to be. Prices have been forced up by the sale and resale many times over of the same stocks, by mere speculators, and money has not been abstracted to any extent from Wall street. It has only changed hands many times. Investment stocks are firm and steady. Pacific Mail Steam-ship stock is suffering from an intermittent attack from reports of new rival lines.

Items.

. . . It is said that Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers of this city, have bought, for $300,000, the half-interest of Henry Laurence in the Enriqueta Quicksilver mine in Santa Clara co., Cal. This mine is the second in value in the State, and, according to report, is producing 1,000 pounds of quicksilver per day. It is five or six miles distant from the New Almaden mine.

. . . The following is a statement of the aggregate shipments of treasure from San Francisco, Cal., made from Jan. 1st to July 21st of this and last year:

	1859.	1860.
To New York	$21,668,510 19	$19,940,823 03
To New Orleans	216,000 00	57,795 93
To England	3,640,340 72	1,450,085 24
To Panama	181,850 31	179,288 00
To China	2,033,323 14	2,358,215 71
To Sandwich Islands	72,840 00	14,179 57
To Manilla	24,200 00	74,865 94
To Mexico	.....	14,000 00
To Japan	.....	90,300 00
To Russian Possessions	.....	1,800 00
To Victoria, V. I	.....	400 00
Total	$27,837,073 36	$24,181,633 42
Falling off this year		$3,655,439 94

The Alta, after publishing this table, adds:

"It will thus be seen that the Atlantic states and England are the heaviest losers by this diminished flow of treasure from our shores, while Asiatic countries, with whom our commercial intercourse is rapidly on the increase, have been largely gainers. But if we glance at the exports of merchandise for the same periods, which exports, we may add, were mostly the products of our soil, we shall see that those countries to which the diminution of treasure shipments was the greatest have (they or their dependencies) received from us, in a greatly increased ratio, products other than gold. Not, it is true, commensurate to the decline in treasure shipped to them, but in view of our lessened imports of merchandise, fully accounting for the difference. The falling off in treasure shipments to England ($2,190,255 36) has been very marked, which partly results from lessened imports, and partly from remittances of Australian bills, our exports of merchandise to the latter country having greatly increased. New York comes next to England in the diminution of treasure shipments, the decline being $1,727,687 16, but she too has received largely of our merchandise, $466,595 15 more than for the same period of last year, and though she has greatly overstocked our market with goods, the aggregate receipts have been smaller than for the period named, and hence the lessened necessity of shipping gold to her."

Latest Bank Statement.

Week ending	Aug. 18, 1860.	Aug. 11, 1860.	Differences.
Loans	$129,950,346	$129,855,179	increase $95,167
Specie	21,008,701	21,575,740	decrease 567,039
Circulation	9,068,848	9,120,835	decrease 51,187
Deposits	82,756,116	82,879,107	decrease 122,991
Exchanges	22,934,355	22,626,293	increase 308,062
Proportion of coin to liabilities	22 87-100 p. c.	23 43-100 p. c.	decrease 56-100

COMPARED WITH PREVIOUS YEARS.

Week ending	Aug. 22, '57.	Aug. 21, '58.	Aug. 20, '59.	Aug. 18, '60
Loans	$120,139,582	$128,341,827	$117,999,190	$129,950,346
Specie	10,097,178	28,343,998	21,403,448	21,008,701
Circulation	8,691,011	7,484,306	8,317,669	9,068,648
Deposits	64,241,471	89,150,341	73,209,910	82,756,116
Exchanges	25,122,575	15,449,845	18,038,889	22,934,355
Proportion of coin to liabilities	13 84-100 p. c.	29 33-100 p. c.	26 25-100 p. c.	22 87-100

Imports and Exports.

The following are the comparative tables of the trade of the port for last week and since Jan. 1st:

Imports.			
For the Week—	1858.	1859.	1860.
Dry goods	$1,230,432	3,345,128	$3,496,782
General merchandise	1,694,948	2,555,351	1,492,323
Total for the week	$2,925,380	$5,900,479	$4,959,105
Previously reported	84,814,422	157,016,928	147,122,465
Since Jan. 1st	$87,739,802	$162,917,407	$152,081,570

Exports of Produce and Merchandise.			
For the week	$963,116	$1,574,498	$1,801,956
Previously reported	38,032,282	38,662,970	52,932,857
Since Jan. 1st	$39,915,402	$40,437,438	$54,625,915
Exports of Specie.			
For the week	$844,781	$1,504,033	$2,163,281
Previously reported	16,299,398	45,972,351	30,274,804
Since Jan. 1st	$17,144,119	$47,567,284	$32,458,085

Dry Goods.

Comparative Statement of the Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at the port of New York for the week, and since Jan. 1st:

	1858.	1859.	1860.
For the week			
Entered at the port	$1,230,432	$3,345,128	$3,499,782
Thrown on market	1,573,947	3,581,703	3,489,775
Since Jan. 1st.			
Entered at the port	37,644,522	82,107,678	72,933,140
Thrown on market	44,138,998	82,035,770	72,891,034

The city is filled with visitors from the country, including a very large proportion of business men purchasing or intending to purchase. The whole dry-goods interest is alive with incessant activity. The importers have placed before their customers a large and varied assortment of seasonable goods, and sales are on the increase to jobbers. Southern jobbers are not, however, in the number. British, French, and Swiss importers all are active, but as yet staple goods have sold more freely than fancy dress styles.

Desirable goods are plentiful. British delaines have been in large demand, taking precedence of the French in point of early sales. German woolens are in moderate demand. Shawls command full attention, and the higher qualities are much wanted.

Domestic cottons are hardly so brisk as a week ago. The deliveries to order are, however, large, but new orders are not so free. Prices are steady.

The export demand is less active. Prints are in steady demand, and firm. Domestic woolen goods are more active—the Western demand sensibly increasing. Fancy cassimeres are moving; the clothiers buying largely. Delaines are active; the production being limited.

The general stock does not seem greater than the increased consumption of the country will want; even if it is as great. It seems likely that increased supplies will be wanted before the season is half over.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Reported for The Independent.

Wednesday, Aug 2, 1860.

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FOR THE WEEK.

According to the reports from the several market-places in the city, there have been received this week:

	Cattle.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep.	Swine.
Allerton's	4,612	47	372	1,354	4,425
Browning's	58	17	26	6,280	.....
O'Brien's	48	62	121	2,637	.....
Chamberlain's	37	33	171	4,360	.....
Sunday Sales	233	.....	.....	.....	.....
Sold at Bergen	737	.....	.....	.....	.....
Total	5,125	159	690	14,640	4,425
Total last week	5,254	142	625	13,846	4,045
Increase	.....	17	65	794	380
Decrease	129	.....	.....	.....	.....
Average number p. week last yr	3,948	326	342	9,709	7,606

BEEVES FROM DIFFERENT STATES.

A. M. Allerton & Co., Proprietors of the Washington Drove Yards, 44th street, report the Cattle in Market from the following states and Canada:

New York	224
Pennsylvania	49
Ohio	898
Indiana	73
Illinois	2,144
Kentucky	374
Canada	21
Missouri	229

STOCK BY RAILROADS, &c.

They also report Beeves and other stock received by railroads, etc., as follows:

Conveyance.	Cattle.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep.	Swine.
Erie Railroad	1,004	.....	.....	.....	1,510
Hudson River Railroad	1,706	.....	.....	.....	2,192
Harlem Railroad	45	22	372	.....	.....
Camden and Amboy R.R.	.....	.....	.....	.....	92
Hudson River Boats	565	.....	.....	90	55
New Jersey Central R.R.	692	.....	.....	.....	467
New Brunswick	.....	.....	.....	.....	109

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	None.	None.
Extra	8¾ to 9¼	9 to 9¾
First quality	8 to 8½	8½ to 8¾
Second quality	7½ to 7¾	7¾ to 8
Third quality	7 to 7¼	7 to 7½
Inferior	6 to 6¾	6 to 6¾
Average of all sales	7¾ to 7¾	7⅝ to 7¾

D. H. Grant reports:

PRICES OF SWINE.

	Live.	Dressed.
Prime corn-fed	6¾ to 6¾	None.
Distillery-fed	6 to 6¼	"

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The market this week has been in the butchers' favor. The prices have not been any better, while there is fall ¼c. per lb.—improvement in quality. And, in addition to this, butchers have gained 25@50 lbs. in the estimates of weights. Some drovers insist that they have not more by 75 lbs than what their cattle weighed at home, making allowances for shrinkage, etc. We quote at 6@7c. per lb.,—a few extra well-fed at 9¼c. per lb.

The average is 7¾c. per lb. Included in the receipts were quite a number of superior *fat steers*, in fine "killing order;" they only brought 8¾@9¼c. There were also many poor, thin steers, oxen, stags, etc., which sold at $17@$43. The average quality, however, was much better. Among the receipts on 27 at Bergen Hill, at 6@9c. to New York butchers; also 237 head sold in this Christian country on Sunday, and driven through the streets without molestation from our Christian police. Of the Sunday sellers, Messrs. Florence & Garney were among them; 150 head of them were sold at Angel's yard, in the Christian state of New Jersey, and crossed the 42d street ferry to